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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A CHILD'S STORY.

The Doctor's Little Daughter. By Eliza Meteyard (Silverpen.) Hall, Virtue, & Co.

"SILVERPEN"—most sweet-toned and happy pseudonym!—has been long familiar to us in many a page of hopeful wisdom, sometimes in the guise of fiction, sometimes in the more austere garb of a teacher, strong in the dignity of her mission and in the sincerity of her convictions; amidst the jarring contrasts and dark anomalies of our civilization, standing, like an angel, between the dead past and the dark tumultuous future, and with the courage of a high responsibility preaching peace. We have often heard a style so masculine in vigour and compression ascribed to a man's pen; but in occasional expressions and turns of thought, and in the quiet and domestic vein of sentiment, it was not difficult to detect the finer sense and gentler spirit of a woman. But especially in the treatment of subjects hard and repulsive to minds of weaker texture—in the examination of some of our pressing social problems, (dangerous to discuss *only*, when approached by those masked champions of usurped renown, who convert a free press into a disguised tyranny,) there was ever a spirit of truthfulness and forbearance, as of a writer who felt that moral authority was inseparable from purity of intention and honesty of purpose, and that there could be no severer censor than a right conscience. Now, then, that "Silverpen" has unveiled her personality, as she may well do, without regret for the past or fear for the future, we bid Eliza Meteyard hearty and respectful welcome. It was, perhaps, a graceful and touching thought to disclose her name for the first time in a character so peculiarly feminine—as the teacher and the friend of childhood. It would appear that woman, be her genius ever so wild, or her intellect ever so masculine, is bent, soon or late, by an irrepressible instinct, to write a 'children's book.' Is not even George Sand, that desolate *enue déchu*, that—

"Strong-brain'd woman and large-hearted man"—

sitting calmly down in the autumn of her troubled and passionate existence, to write tales for children, (yes! gentle ladies,) and tales so pure in sentiment, so exquisitely fresh, simple, and child-like, so redolent of home and home-affections, that you would not dream they could proceed from one whose very name has been a terror, and a mystery to those who have taken much upon trust, and perhaps have never read a line of her writings! For us, children's books have almost a charmed power. To minds grown cynical in the service of the 'world,' to hearts seared with the hypocrisies of society, it is a refreshing dream to return for a brief moment to the early pages of our book of time, "on which" (says the gentle American poet) "was once written a story of happy innocence we would

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fain read over again." The finer feelings (as we advance in life) are so frittered away in scoffing and small-talk—our illusions, as they vanish, leave such a wreck behind, that to remember that golden age when life had no future save a dim horizon of hope, saddens, it may be, but also purifies and consoles!

Our authoress tells us that this little book was written in moments spared from graver occupations. "In seeking thus for a refreshing mental holiday, (she adds, in her Preface,) I thought no wiser or more simple course was mine, than that of looking anew at nature, through the ostensible medium of a child's intellectual vision; and thus, whilst addressing myself reverently to the young, yet not unaptly touch some pictures for graver, elder sight." We like that word '*reverently*,' not forgetting the fine old apothegm of the Roman satirist:—

"Maxima debetur pueris *reuerentia*."

The undimmed eye—the unpolluted ear—the open brow—the pure lineaments—the trustful heart—the keen freshness of intuition in childhood, are to be held in *reverence*: for there is no taint of earth upon them yet. What is that fatal but inestimable gift men call genius? Is it not the 'intellectual vision' of the child, kept fresh in the heart of the man? Yes! it is this divine and sad prerogative which make up the sum of the raptures and the sufferings of the poet!

"I have but to add, that this little book is one into which I have put my heart." This we can well believe, for every page brims over with affectionate sincerity. From some touching hints dropped here and there in the few *sad* portions of the tale, we seem to discover that the life-story of little Alice is a true tale, and not told at second-hand. Be this as it may, the idea of a young child with 'half a poet's soul,' "silent, delicate, thoughtful," "passionately full of sweet love for all things which filled the narrow universe of her knowledge and her life," trained up to a love of all that is beautiful, noble, and good, by the simple and tender influences of home, by communion with the broad solitudes of nature, "fields, and woods, and mountain streams, and lonely hills, and country churches, and their mossied flower-clad graves," rather than by rigid task-masters, by rule and rote, and all the dreadful pedantry of 'tin collars' and 'reclining boards,' is in itself instructive.

The scene is laid in the bosom of an English family of that great middle class which represents the virtue and strength of a nation. The Doctor is an agreeable sketch, somewhat *à la* Vicar of Wakefield—a trusting, simple nature, confiding and generous to excess, making his skill subservient to charity. "The world called the Doctor a dreamer, and unpractical: said that he loved books better than physic, and thought better than money. Most certainly he did: and yet far richer was he than they, though they knew it not, in the priceless and exhaustless wealth of a fine

mind, and of a noble and loving soul." The various individualities of a country-town, patients of the good Doctor, whose little daughter is the common 'pet,' are hit off with graphic humour and distinctness.

We have Mr. Thompson, the retired 'royal gardener,' with his *naïf* devotion to his old pursuits. Mrs. Blenkinsop, the old childless widow of a silversmith, almost alone in the world: "with a nice, mild, gentle manner, and a soft low voice, and a presence that was 'quite that of an ancient gentlewoman,' a rude or graceless act could scarcely have been done in her presence."

The Misses Signpole, two old maids, "leading a very quiet and somewhat odd sort of life, with their two maid-servants, their tame raven, their dog and cat," and their "two old horses, quite grey with years, called Whisker and Ball." A Catholic Priest, who "paced up and down" his garden with little Alice, "keeping tenderly hold of her little hand, and talking like a fine poet, or a Hebrew patriarch, about the purest, the simplest, yet most exalted things. His very voice was in itself a prayer." Cecilia Kelly, the organ-player, who "played to her often the stillest and the saddest music."

The old mad gentleman, "with a very white head and mild countenance," who asked her to listen whilst he sang to the bees, and "this he did in a very low, whispering voice." The cruel aunt, with "hard and pitiless face," to whose house little Alice is sent for change of air; and who robs her of her pocket-money, steals her clothes, beats, starves, consigns her to a damp garret to sleep, and practises every kind of cruelty on this unoffending child. We could scarcely believe in such a fiend; but for a lady who has a singular faculty for telling interminable tales to children, and we now remember that she always introduces a 'cruel aunt,' we suppose as a sort of *répoussoir* to the unmitigated virtue and happiness of everybody else.

The pages abound with personal sketches, each suggestive of some kindly moral, and evidently authentic.

A Slavonian Jew, who, in very broken English, asks her to break bread with him, "for you are something like my dead child, Rachel." The old lieutenant, "who had fought under Howe and Nelson," and "if it were a blowing and a wintry night, he would fold the little child in his poor, wasted arms, and tell her about great storms in those north seas, and how the wind howled there amidst the snows and darkness." Will Shakespeare, the lieutenant's old comrade, a Warwickshire man, and "singularly like the bust of our great poet."

A strange gentleman, who enters into conversation with her as he is fishing, and explains, "in such a clear manner, as to be quite intelligible to the simple mind of the child," the law of gravitation. "And it was only years after, that she learnt that he, whose voice is still a memory, whose aspect

was so noble and commanding, who spoke of the sublimest law of nature, so simply, so reverently, so wisely, was one of England's greatest scientific men."

Then we have a Wesleyan missionary, who "never concealed that he had been a poor sea-boy, who having heard by accident Christ's divine Sermon on the Mount read by a shipmate, felt from that time an impulse to strive towards becoming better in life, and serviceable to his fellow-men."

A poor blind musician, who "made her read the notes and touch them on the piano, and the moment of her fingers falling upon the instrument, his own fell over them like a delicate feather, to feel that they were correctly set, and thus accompanied them, travelling up and down through the whole lesson. He mostly said, 'good, very good,' in a gentle voice." A little taper quartermaster, retired from service, who did everything by line and rule, with true military precision. "On two particular days in the week, which were as fixed as the moon and the tides, he had a roast fowl, and he made it a boast that he consumed one hundred and four fowls a-year;" "and being certain that he should one day or another die suddenly, he had his name and residence always written legibly within the crown of his trim brushed hat, lest he should die in one of his solitary walks, and people not know where to carry his body."

A wealthy sweep, "a fine noble creature, with quite a princely heart;" and his wife, a repentant Magdalen, who, by way of expiation for her former 'bad life,' had devoted her time to reclaiming young friendless sweeps, whose after blessings she had richly reaped.

A young shepherd lad, a new Giotto, whom Alice and her father come suddenly upon, carving a piece of oak, and "copying the wing of a dead plover." We are told that he afterwards worked with a master architect in the restoration of a cathedral, and died prematurely at eighteen by a fall from a scaffolding, "and thus was cut off a remarkable genius in a rare department of English art." All these portraits are unmistakably genuine and from the life, and the varied pictures of soft rich English scenery, in which, as in a frame, they are set, betray the enthusiasm of a deep lover of nature in all her phases of light and shadow. We had marked passages of descriptive power not easily surpassed—such as, "The Meeting of the Waters," "The Butterfly Hollow," "The Hour of Inspiration," but we are, we fear, already 'out of bounds.'

Running through the tale like a silver thread, and interwoven with each incident, are gentle teachings of love and duty. The law of kindness is tenderly enforced. Love of pure religion, of country, of home, of the poor and the friendless—the divine blessing of charity, the privilege of education, faith and hope through disappointment and vicissitude, colour and inform the whole of this simple story—so that the heart and the intellect are trained to virtue, not in a cold didactic manner, but as if by stealth. There is a word, too, on the education of girls (p. 121), we have not space to quote, which we heartily commend to young ladies—

"Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels, But sit to haunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum."

But before we bid adieu to *The Doctor's*

Little Daughter, we have two charges of improbability to bring against the author. We confess ourselves unable calmly to imagine a little artless darling of ten years old listening with delight to Thucydides' account of the siege of Platea, and to the "musical Latinity of *Lucian*!"* We think, too, the Doctor taking his child to the bedside of a young pauper attacked with small-pox, and telling her to *touch* the patient; and, on a later occasion, introducing her to an old surgical acquaintance, in the shape of a *skeleton* in his cupboard, (to whose 'articulate' language little Alice takes a desperate fancy, even to stolen interviews in her father's absence,) is, to say the least, *un peu trop fort*. These may be slight, but they are exaggerations, and, as such, calculated to alarm the faith of a child reader, in a narrative of unmixt purity of tendency. It would be impossible to place in the hands of a child a book more sound and wholesome. Kind as parental love, wise as virtue, and affectionate as home, it is a little story to "make children cheerful and happy, and contented with good homes and loving parents"—to fill their hearts with gratitude and charity—a story from which even 'elder and graver men' may rise 'refreshed, purified, and glad.'

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

An Inquiry into the Establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts, &c. By Robert Strange. 1775. Edited by W. Coningham. Ollivier.

MR. CONINGHAM has been a thorn in the side of the Royal Academy: and without taking a part in the matter, or approving of his bitterness of statement and comment, we may express a hope that, as the course of events has brought this National Establishment to what may be deemed a crisis at this time, the charges of enemies as well as the advice of friends may be well weighed, and the whole contribute to a more perfect and liberal organization of the body than has existed from its formation till now. We should like to see it above all objections, adapting itself to new circumstances, and meeting the wishes of the public with a wise and generous spirit. Without being optimists, and expecting that men will blink their own interests to open the door to others, to compete with and beat them, we think we might fairly challenge the Forty, not to avail themselves unfairly of their exclusiveness, and, whilst they reject and would crush splendid fruits not grown in their own orchard, endeavour so intensely to make equine materials swim with their real, superb, and golden apples. That some of the greatest artists of our age are not Royal Academicians is a stigma upon the Academy, and a reproach to its constitution. The highest authorities in the Arts, by charter and with valuable incorporated privileges, ought not to be at issue with general opinion—not of the mere vulgar and uninformed, but of many individuals, both in their profession and out of it, as competent as themselves to arrive at just conclusions. To meet the anomaly to a certain extent, it is true that several separate societies have been formed, and others are in embryo; but this remedy is not altogether sufficient to correct the evils of the case. The most judi-

* This must be a misprint for *Lucan*—but why not *Virgil*?

cious plan for the encouragement of the Arts of England that could be devised eighty or ninety years ago (even if impeccable *then*) could not be deemed in every respect suitable to the altered aspects of affairs *now*, either as regards Artists or Patrons. The changes in both respects are prodigious. The number of artists is increased many-fold. The demand for their works is similarly augmented. They are heard of daily from one end of the Kingdom to the other, instead of being only spoken of among a limited circle in the metropolis. The parish has become a county—the scanty population legion. The child's clothes never can be made to answer as habiliments for the full-grown man.

But this pamphlet, after setting forth the gross injustice done to that most eminent Engraver, Robert Strange,* goes into proof, to show that in the very foundation of the Royal Academy intrigue and falsehood succeeded in overthrowing its original design and modifying its basis and rules, in order to carry a dominant party roughshod over all opposition. The particulars are too much in detail, and too long for us, but we will touch on some of the most salient points.

"Academies, (says the writer,) under proper regulations, are no doubt the best nurseries of the fine arts. But when the establishment of the Academy at London is impartially examined, it will not, I am afraid, reflect that credit we wish upon the annals of its Royal founder."

From about the middle of last century—

"The arts in general made considerable progress. Yet unhappily there existed feuds and animosities among the artists themselves. These sprang from the partial administration of a committee, by whom the Society had been governed. The choice of this annual committee would naturally have fallen upon the most respectable artists, had not such, from the multiplicity of their own affairs, frequently declined to accept the office. Hence it was that many places in this body were occupied by men of little merit in their professions. However, this committee by degrees so strengthened their party, that at length they came to have an ascendancy at all the meetings of the artists: they assumed an absolute privilege of arranging the pictures, &c. at the exhibitions: they resolved that a President and Secretary should be chosen by themselves out of their own number: and to fortify themselves still more effectually, they had the address to augment the committee from sixteen to twenty-four: these being secure votes, at every election, rendered them, with the attachments they had formed, an overmatch for the injured part of the Society.

"Complaints frequently arose about the management of the exhibitions. It was observed with regret, that the works of many ingenious young men, advancing in their professions, were thrust into obscure corners and sequestered, as it were, from the public view, to make way for some of the pitiful performances of the members of the committee and their adherents. But such complaints were always treated with disdain."

We seem to be reading a newspaper of May and June, 1850. Well, the charter of George III., January 26th, 1765, was granted with the view of correcting some of the ills complained of, but, according to our author, it speedily led from bad to worse, and ended in extending and confirming the powers so dishonestly acquired by the intriguing faction.

"The Directors became as despotic as ever. The private academy in St. Martin's Lane, which is bound under many disadvantages, remained in its former languishing state,—the same partiality in

* His letter to Lord Bute is reprinted, and is a very curious document.—ED. L. G.

the distribution of the pictures, at the exhibitions, took place,—and the same complaints were renewed.

"Sensible of the necessity of a public academy for the advancement of the arts, many of the Fellows endeavoured, from time to time, to obtain such an establishment, but they were always opposed by the Directors. There were some even amongst the Directors, who informed me that they had likewise made several motions of this nature, at their separate meetings, but which were constantly overruled. This was the more surprising, as the Society had then a capital of near 3000*l.*, and an annual income of about 700*l.*, which arose from the exhibitions."

Mr. Dalton, the king's librarian, is severely accused with being not only a tool, but a very corrupt one, in ear-wiggling his Majesty and promoting the success of the usurpers. Sir W. Chambers is also broadly charged, and finally Sir J. Reynolds, for yielding to seductions. The proceedings of various meetings, propositions made and rejected, amendments thrown overboard, and disingenuous and dishonourable measures resorted to in order to quash all fair participation in the chartered advantages and all excluded opposition, are described in a striking manner. For instance, here is one statement:—

"The eve before the General Meeting, the Directors again assembled privately. Finding the moment draw near which threatened a disunion of their cabal, and their ambition and thirst for power being insatiable, they repented, it is to be presumed, of the sacrifice they were to make to restore peace (to use their own words) to the Society: they came, therefore, to a resolution, as appears by their books, to retract what they had done, and suppress from the Society that part of their minutes which alluded to the above resignation, the President enjoining the most profound secrecy."

"The day following, being the 20th, the Society met. Proceeding to business, the Directors read only the first paragraph of their minutes of the 9th, in which they rejected the proposal by law, and gave an opinion directly contrary to the Attorney-General. One of their own number was now present, but who had not attended their meeting the preceding evening. This gentleman, a friend to the wished-for by-law, and alarmed that the Directors mentioned nothing of the resignation of eight of their number, moved that the whole minutes of the 9th should be read. This motion was universally seconded by the Fellows, and the reader may easily suppose the confusion and disappointment of the Directors. They saw the *chicane* of their conduct exposed. These minutes not only confirmed their intended resignation, which they meant to suppress, but discovered some illiberal reflections against the Society, which were forthwith ordered to be erased from the books. This meeting ended in tumult and confusion."

At length, after much fighting,—

"A new plan of a Royal Academy was formed. The King, no doubt, had been misled by the misrepresentations of the junto. They must have taken pains to prevent his getting proper information of the true state of facts, otherwise he never could have adopted so circumscribed a plan, or countenanced such a set of artists."

"By this plan, a Royal establishment was to be supported from the produce of an annual exhibition."

"From this specimen of the Directors, we may fairly conclude, that it was for very prudential reasons, that afterwards, upon delivering up their books, two chasms were found in their minutes: the first, when they composed a Committee, from the 19th November, 1764, to the 11th March, 1765; and the second, after they became Directors, from the 13th June, 1765, to the 21st March, 1766. These minutes had been cut out of the books: an undoubted evidence with every impartial reader, that their conduct, during that period, was such as they were ashamed of, and what they durst not submit to the public inspection."

tion, and the deficiencies were to be supplied out of his Majesty's privy purse.

"Our junto could not but be sensible of their want of merit to attract the attention of the public at their exhibitions. They therefore went about, in a secret manner, to engage into their party such of the members of the Society as they imagined would be most subservient to their purposes, availing themselves of his Majesty's name and authority. They were received by many with a becoming disdain; others shamefully deserted their party notwithstanding they had on various occasions treated these Directors with the most contemptuous epithets."

"Thus was the King artfully led to patronize a measure which was repugnant to his royal dignity, and to the natural dictates of his own breast, as well as inconsistent with itself. With one arm he had extended his favour and protection to a body of artists: with the other, he was now raising up a faction from the same body, who in the most shameful manner had profited themselves of his goodness, and who, contrary to their solemn obligations, and in direct opposition to the laws which his Majesty himself had prescribed, were establishing a monopoly in the arts, and promoting the seeds of discord, by excluding from the Royal protection every one who was not of their immediate cabal."

"The intention (adds the writer) surely of every Royal establishment, for the improvement either of arts or sciences, is to receive every man who is likely to do honour to the institution. Such is the spirit of the Royal Society of London, of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture at Paris, of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, of the Imperial Academy of Painting at Florence, and of many other institutions in different parts in Europe. All these, I believe, were conceived upon liberal and generous principles, and calculated to reflect a lustre on their respective founders and patrons. The exhibitions, too, (always gratis,) of these Academies of Painting are, in reason they ought to be, confined solely to the works of the Academicians; by which means there is a proper emulation excited amongst the students to attain this honour."

"Let us now take a survey of the Royal Academy of London. No sooner had these artists fortified themselves under the banners of Royalty, than it appeared that their sole view was to retain the power which they had usurped. They were about twenty-four in number. They deemed it necessary to secure to themselves a perpetual majority in their assemblies. They circumscribed, therefore, the number of the members of this Academy to forty. By this means the same twenty-four men were sure to be of consequence, and to be capable of carrying any question in a Society of forty members. Had they made a part only of a more numerous association, they would often have felt their situation humiliating."

"The very plan which they rejected when Directors, and which the Society had long struggled for, they now adopted in the government of their new Academy: for their Council, by which they are governed, is subject to a yearly rotation: four of them are annually voted out, and these do not resume their seats till the whole have served. Thus, what they called when Directors, 'An attack upon the freedom of elections, a dangerous innovation on our charter, &c.' was in the Royal Academy deemed a just expedient and salutary measure."

"A public Academy being now formed, a measure which the generality of these Academicians had formerly opposed, and which the Society had long laboured for; in order to confine it the more to their own party, they passed a law, which obliged every person, before his being permitted to draw in the Academy, to make a probation figure; which was to be submitted to the judgment of the Council, who should approve or put a negative on it, as they pleased."

"This law, in as far as it regarded students, was

proper and judicious; but the impartial reader will easily perceive that it was iniquitous when it admitted of no exception: for all the Fellows of the Society who had opposed the Directors, and to whom the most valuable furniture of this new Academy had in part originally belonged, were excluded by that law."

With these general statements we shall close our dissolving view, without meddling with the question of denying academic honours to engravers—in our judgment, an unjustifiable folly—and leave it to the public at large to decide whether they will dissent from or agree with the writer's conclusion, in condemning—

"A plan that was dictated by selfishness, ambition, and resentment: a plan which confined Royal munificence to forty men, and many of those the most indifferent artists in the kingdom, whilst number of ingenious ones were not only excluded, but their characters most shamefully depreciated."

SWEDEN IN THE NINTH CENTURY.

Anskar. A Story of the North. Parker.

THE object of this volume seems to be to represent the Church as the rightful medium, the one thing needful, to conduct the civilization of mankind, tame the ferocity and qualify the oppressions of the powerful, and guide the ignorant, and elevate the weak of the masses subjected to rule. The arguments applied to the conditions of society a thousand years ago are, *mutatis nominibus*, quite as applicable to the present day. Queen Victoria and the government or civil authorities are but varieties, under different circumstances, of King Biorn, his feudal chiefs, pirate leaders, and military despotism. Cardinal Wiseman is exactly an incarnation of the high priest of Odin, and Bishop Philpotts a ditto of Anskar, resolute to put him down and level Stonyhurst. There is nothing new under the sun, nor under the moon either!

The period chosen for this exposition is the first half of the ninth century, when the empire of Charlemagne was breaking up into divisions; and under the auspices of Louis the Pious, Anskar (afterwards sainted as the apostle of the north), a monk of the Benedictine monastery of New Corbey, on the Weser, was dispatched on a holy mission to convert the Gothic and Swedish or Sviar races from heathenism. The foundation-work is stated to be a life of the saint, written by Rembert, his successor as Bishop of Ham-burgh, but only "one or two very general incidents have been transferred from this narrative;" and the book is made up by sketches of the actual history and manners of the time, which Mr. R. J. King (who signs the Introduction) hopes will not be found at variance with the actual state of things; and he adds, by way of excuse for any defects:—

"Still, those who are best acquainted with the many and great difficulties which surround all inquiries into the earlier period of Northern History, will, perhaps, be all the less disposed to look with severe criticism upon the present attempt; remembering, that Don Quixote himself, much as he disapproved of the ringing of the bells in San-suena, where, as he justly observed, the Moors used only kettle-drums, consented to receive the apologies of Master Peter. 'Nay, Sir, if you stand upon these trifles with us, we shall never please you. Don't be so severe a critic. Are there not a thousand plays that pass with great success and applause, though they have many greater absurdities, and nonsense in abundance?'"

It will thus be seen that the author's or compiler's task has been somewhat similar to that of the industrious sempstress in making a patchwork coverlet to a bed. He has sought everywhere for his old pieces and shreds, and he has connected them together as a literary quilt, of the Swedish pattern, consistent with A.D. 810-50. There are many descriptions of the face of the country and of persons—accounts of feasts and fights, single combats and battles, priestly delusions and cruelties, heathenish superstitions and worship, and monstrous ceremonies, Christian portents and miracles—what can be gleaned of domestic manners, piratical expeditions, and other features of the rude and barbarous age. The materials are rather drily put together, and the whole design wants animation. It is a feast of scraps rather than a well-concocted ragout or salmi. Still there are some tit-bits, and the general reader may pick out a number of morsels of ancient savour, which will repay the appetite bestowed upon them.

The form of the cooking is that of letters from a zealous companion of Anshar's, who writes the story of their journey and adventures to one Leonardus, a quondam fellow-monk in some southern convent, which enables the writer to adorn his narrative with sundry contrasts between the softer clime and the savage wildness and inclemency of the north. It is not for us to attempt the close connexion of such parts as we shall detach by way of specimens of the whole: they must speak for themselves and the rest of the composition. On setting out, there is much converse between the missionaries and their convoy, a brave Count Gerold, ruler of the northern Danish marches, and—

"Thou wilt find no lack of weapons among the Svjar, Bishop," said Count Gerold; "and no lack of good will to wield them. I wish thou mayst always find there such a supper as I now behold, or such meats as are fitting to be used by Christian men. I speak not of their feasts of horse-flesh, when they meet for their great sacrifices. Our own forefathers loved them well, and, for my part, I see not why a man who devourereth such meat should be looked upon as a heathen: but, holy Saint Martin!" (and the Count crossed himself devoutly as he spoke,) "I have seen men among the Svjar, and they nobles and chiefs, feed eagerly upon the accursed flesh of a hare. There is small hope for such as they."

"Small, indeed," said brother Nicholas, the Bishop's companion. "Small hope, indeed. The very children of the Slaves, who dwell beyond the waters of the Elbe, and worship toads and serpents, would shrink with horror from such devil's meat. What! know they not that the accursed beast changeth sex twice in the year, and that the very sight of one bodeth ill-luck to the traveller? And they to feed on its meat! The saints be about us!"

"My son," said the Bishop, "without doubt they do exceeding wrong in devouring such meat, since our holy father, the Pope, hath expressly condemned it; nevertheless, I doubt greatly the tales of the hare's evil nature be idle stories. Never yet did I find that ill-luck followed me through the day, because I had startled the hare from her morning seat in the fern. Without doubt, they do exceeding harm to our growing crops."

"I know not," said the Count; "and little do I love to set at naught the wise sayings of our fathers. The hare was ever held accursed. It hath been told me that, when my father went forth against King Karl, and fought his host with small success on the banks of the Weser, he saw by the morning light, as he rode by the tombs of the Grafs, a white

hare sitting on the highest stone, rubbing her face with her paws. That was but an evil omen; and, in good earnest, evil was the luck that followed. Little did the Saxon folk strive against the King after that battle on the Weser."

"We will not trust to such omens for our journey northward," said the Bishop. "There is small help to be gained from them at the best. But I see thou fillest not the mead horn, and the long journey hath somewhat wearied me. If thou art willing, I would fain go with thee to thy chamber, where we may discourse more freely of our northern mission. There is much to be determined on even before we sleep."

The apostles are well received by one Nial the Rich, and Biorn himself, king of the Svjar, and a young Swede, Jarl Erlendson, becomes their convert and champion. Skarphedinn, on the contrary, is the ferocious and gigantic hero of the heathen pantheon. Of him there is the following notice:—

"Skarphedinn was, as I have already said, one of those wandering champions or berserks, frequently to be met with in the North, and dreaded alike by friend and foe. It is not for me to say whence they obtain their marvellous power and superhuman strength. Men talk of strange drinks and unnatural austerities; but it seemeth far more probable, Leonardus, that the evil spirits whom they serve, confer on them an especial gift out of the quiver of fiery darts with which they reward their worshippers. Certain it is, that when the fury of their rage attacks them,—for they are not always subjected to its influence,—they fear neither fire nor sword; and so great is their strength, that they pluck up enormous trees by the roots, and fling great rocks through the air, as easily as thou wouldst toss a pebble. No man is safe from them at such times; they attack indiscriminately all within their reach; and it is only by placing them in the front of the battle, and surrounding them by the enemy, that the kings and chieftains to whom they temporarily attach themselves, are enabled to use their ferocious strength with safety. They rush naked and unprotected into the midst of the fight; and hence the name Berserk, or Sarkless, by which they are generally known: for it is believed that iron has no power to pierce them, and that they can walk unharmed among the glowing brands of the hearth fire. Of old time, it was the pride of the kings of the North to have as many of these berserks in their following as they could muster; but of late, the dread of them has prevailed more extensively, and although they continue to claim food and shelter wherever it may please them to remain, it is for the most part only by the right of the stronger that they are admitted to houses whose doors would otherwise be closed against them."

"In addition to his qualities as a berserk, Skarphedinn had a reputation of another sort, which caused him to be looked upon with peculiar dread and hatred. It has long been the custom among the savage races of the North,—a custom, although scarcely encouraged, yet still unprohibited,—to expose in the wild places of the forest, or to destroy by more certain means, such of their children as they are unable or unwilling to educate. On few points has our holy faith encountered more opposition in the North than on this; and I fear it will be long indeed before a custom so utterly inhuman is completely rooted out from among them. So it befell, however, many winters before the time of our arrival in Sweden, that a company of hunters, whilst in pursuit of game among the far-off woods on the borders of the country now occupied by the Finns, came upon the track of a wolf, and followed it to the mouth of the creature's den. As they stood gathered together before the cluster of rocks at the entrance, preparing for the attack, they heard a low, deep growl in the midst of the brushwood, and presently, contrary to the usual habit of the animal, which seldom emerges from its den

until driven forth by the hunters, an enormous she-wolf, with straightened tail and burning eyes, broke forth from the darkness, and stood erect on a great level stone that guarded the entrance of her cave. The hunters guessed, and guessed rightly, that some unusual cause had induced her thus to venture forth amidst their encircling band of spears. The fight was long and obstinate, but the wolf was at length despatched; and then one of the hunters scrambled into her den in order to destroy the cubs which he expected to find there. He found, indeed, three young wolf cubs, of but a few weeks' growth; but lying in the midst of them, half-wrapped in a woollen mantle, was an infant, whose age scarcely exceeded that of his strange foster-brothers. He showed no signs of fear or of famine. The wolf had doubtless found him exposed in the forest, and carrying him home, had nursed him together with her own young. The child who was thus preserved, was brought up by the hunter, who chanced to have no children of his own. He grew up to be a famous warrior and berserk,—to be the same Skarphedinn of the bloody axe, whose appearance in the hall of King Biorn I have just described."

When the cause of the two faiths comes to be decided by the 'duello' between this terrible Romulus-reared Scandinavian and Jarl, the laws of the combat are thus proclaimed:—

"Hear," said the King, "men of the Svjar, and ye champions of the ring. Hear the laws of our forefathers—wise and good laws—wherewith they bound such as would strive together in the holm-fight. Thrice shall ye strive, and thrice shall ye rest; nor, if your strength then remains equal, shall either be held the better, but both shall depart, free and unharmed. Three times shall ye strive; having your feet upon the felt of the kemping. If one setteth his foot from off the felt, the strife shall cease for that time, and he whose foot hath erred shall be held the worse in that struggle. But if he be driven without the stones of the kemping, he shall be held niding and coward, and all men shall know that he hath lost the fight. And all the goods of him who is beaten shall the victor take; unless the beaten man be a stranger and a sojourner in the land. Then shall the King be his heir. And need it is that he who overcometh touch the spear which standeth north of the kemping; and, with his hand thereon, claim his mastery with a loud voice so that all the folk may hear. Justly and truly have I delivered to you these laws. See that ye hold to them this day."

"Again, as the King withdrew, the blast of the great horn sounded wide over flood and fell; and, amid the utmost silence—for during the actual fight none might call upon the combatants by name, or in any way encourage their exertions—Jarl and Skarphedinn approached each other, taking their places toward the centre of the kemping."

We need hardly say that the Christian David conquers the heathen Goliath, and by this means the former faith is accepted in Sweden; but for which, perhaps, we might never have heard Jenny Lind, whose Christian charities prove that she never could have been born of Pagan parentage.

CENTO.

A Selection from the Poems and Dramatic Works of Theodor Körner. By the Translator of the "Nibelungen Treasure." Williams and Norgate.

The Fall of the Nibelungers. By W. Nanson Lettsom. Same Publishers and J. Bain. *Lágrð Czecho-slovanská.* Bohemian Poems. Translated from the Slavonic by A. H. Wratislaw, M.A. Parker.

We have classed these volumes together on account of their foreign origin; and we are

glad to state that in their English garb they are eminently deserving of the regards of the English public and all lovers of poetry. Körner's sword-song opened the path of his countrymen to the overthrow of Buonaparte, and his own to our admiration: which has been kept alive by other poems of his, translated and published from time to time during the last dozen years. The able translator of Raupach's "Nibelungen Treasure" has now, however, made a more comprehensive sweep, and, we think, given us all of the patriotic German poet that need ever be cared for in our literature. There are also two or three sweet prose tales; and the volume is complete in lyrics, dramas, and ballads. Having said this, we trust that nothing more is needed to recommend the performance of our fair and accomplished translator; for to renew our criticism of Körner would indeed lead us a chase far too long for the opportunity we have been seizing to bring up our poetical arrears.

2. Mr. Lettson's work is very spirited, though literal, and whether considered as of historical or mythical origin, the extraordinary performance with which he makes us so well acquainted deserves a favoured place in every poetic library. We will not enter into any portion of the traditional inquiry, but refer to the author's preface as an interesting concoction of all the learned and ignorant speculations on the subject. We will, however, quote a passage of general description, to save ourselves the trouble of penning one:—

"The Nibelungenlied, like the Homeric poems, is a work for all ages and all nations, for, like them, it rests principally on those natural sympathies which are common to all mankind. A reader requires no previous training to relish such a work. The Northern form of our legend, on the contrary, is thoroughly imbued with the Scandinavian character; everything in it appears at once dilated and obscured by the mist of a peculiar nationality. The different personages of the Nibelungenlied are actuated by ordinary motives and human passions; love, hatred, anger, and revenge agitate their hearts, and the action of the poem proceeds accordingly; the marvellous is not wanting, but it is subordinate to natural impulses; whereas, in the Scandinavian traditions, it puts all the characters in motion; it assumes the place of every passion; a lover cannot be fickle, nor a woman variable, but under its influence; magic potions and enchanted messes oil the wheels of the story."

"The Nibelungenlied, in the form in which we now possess it, has been assigned by Professor Lachmann to the beginning of the 13th century. Its author is unknown, and, indeed, whether it be the work of one poet, of two, or of twenty, is still, I believe, a matter of dispute among German critics."

"That the Nibelungenlied has been extensively interpolated, I, I believe, agreed on all hands; we may conclude as much, from having reason to believe that it was handed down for some time (how long, nobody knows for certain) by oral tradition, and what effect such a state of things may have on popular poetry, we may readily collect from what Bishop Percy and Sir Walter Scott have told us of the variations in our own old ballads."

Under such circumstances we trust our readers will follow our example and take the Poem as they find it; and as it is here rendered, judge of it by the following short specimens of the adventures of the heroic Siegfried and his terrible widow Kriemhild. Needless were it to tell how the Netherland knight fought in Burgundy, and against the Saxons, and how nothing could resist his charmed sword

and life, protected like that of Achilles. Bobadil's exploits were nothing to his—"twenty more, kill them too!" Then King Gunther, Kriemhild's brother, goes to Island, and woos and wins the potent Brunhild, whilst Siegfried visits the strange land of the Nibelungs, and after conquering the guardian giant and dwarf, comes away attended by a thousand of these stalwart warriors. His combats with such unearthly defenders afford a fit example of the poem:—

"A huge earth-shaking giant, the castle set to guard,
Who with his weapons by him kept ever watch and ward.
'Who beats the gate so stoutly?' the yawning monster ask'd;
His voice, as he gave answer, the crafty hero mask'd,

"And said, 'I am a warrior; open me the gate:
I'm wroth with lazy losels who make their betters wait,
While they on down are snoring as if they'd never wake.'
It ik'd the burly porter that thus the stranger spake.

"Now had the fearless giant all his weapons donn'd,
Bound on his head his helmet, and in his monstrous hand
A shield unmeasur'd taken; open the gate he threw,
And his teeth grimly gnashing at Siegfried fiercely flew.

"How could he dare to call up men of mettle so?
With that he let fly at him many a wind-swift blow
That the noble stranger put back with wary fence.
At last upheav'd the giant an iron bar immense,

"And his firm shield-band shatter'd; scarce could the
warrior stand,
He fear'd, though for a moment, grim death was close at
hand,

With his enormous weapon the porter smote so sore,
Yet for his dauntless bearing he lov'd him all the more.

"With the mighty conflict the castle rung around;
To th' hall of the Nibelungs reach'd the stunning sound.
At length the vanquish'd porter he bound with conquering
hand,

Far and wide flew the tidings through the Nibelungs' land.
"While in the dubious combat they both were struggling
still,

Albrie the wild dwarf heard it far through the hollow hill.
Straight he donn'd his armour, and thither running found
The noble guest victorious, and the panting giant bound.

"A stout dwarf was Albrie, and bold as well as stout;
With helm and mail securely he was arm'd throughout;
A golden scourg full light, in his hand he coug;
Straight ran he to the rescue, and fierce on Siegfried sprung.

"Seven ponderous knobs from th' handle hung, each one by
its thong;
With these the dwarf kept pounding so sturdy and so strong,
That he split the shield of Siegfried to the centre from the
rim,

And put the dauntless champion in care for life or limb.
"Away he threw his buckler broken all and smash'd;
His long well-temper'd weapon into its sheath he dash'd.
To spare his own dependents his virtue mov'd him still,
And to his heart sore went it his chamberlain's kill.

"With mighty hands undaunted in on the dwarf he ran;
By the beard he caught him, that age-heavy man.
He drag'd him, and he shook him, his rage on him he
wreck'd,

And handled him so roughly, that loud for pain he shriek'd.
"Loud cried the dwarf o'er-master'd, 'spare me and leave
me free,

And could I ever servant save to one hero be,
To whom I've sworn allegiance as long as I have breath,'
Said the crafty Albrie, 'you would I serve to death.'

"Then bound was writing Albrie as the giant just before;
The nervous grasp of Siegfried pinch'd him and pain'd him
sore.
Then thus the dwarf addressed him: 'be pleas'd your name
to tell,'

Said he, 'my name is Siegfried; I thought you knew me
well.'

"Well's me for these good tidings, Albrie the dwarf replied.
'Now know I all your merit, which I by proof have tried.
High rule o'er all this country well you deserve to bear;
I'll do what'er you bid me; the vanquish'd only spare.'

"Then said the noble Siegfried: 'you must hence with
speed,
And bring me, of the warriors that best we have at need,
A thousand Nibelungs: them I here must view;
No evil shall befall you, if this you truly do.'

With these he journey'd to spell-bound Iss-
land, joins Gunther and the Vixen (Icelandic
witch) he has mated, and the whole return
numerously attended and with great pomp to
the city of Worms. Festivals, tournaments,
and other splendid ceremonies worthy of the
occasion, ensue, and the gorgeous dresses, the
incalculable gifts, the pageants, and the double
marriages of Gunther and Brunhild, and Siegfried and Kriemhild, are celebrated. Gun-

ther's bridal night is an extraordinary one, and his remedy against a repetition of it no less so: yet we must praise the decency, with strokes of dry humour, with which the poet has got through his very delicate task of description. The taming of the shrew leads to a secret, beyond two or three already too great for woman to keep, and the blabbing of which produces all the tragic events that ensue. The Queens quarrel, Siegfried is betrayed and murdered, his widow thereafter weds the king of the Huns, and still nourishing the unextinguishable thirst for revenge, invites her brother and his warriors to Hungary, where fearful contests take place; and in the end it is, as in the *fucelle* of comedy, "Die all, die nobly, die like demigods!" The character of Rudeger and his fate are perhaps the finest parts of the poem; but we will quote, by way of finish, the more detachable verses, in which Kriemhild deplures her first lord, after proposing the murderer's test of touching his dead body:—

"'Twas strange, such utter anguish dialog'd not the frail
life.

With eager haste to help her flock'd many a wailing wife.
Then spake the queen, 'ye warriors, my murder'd Siegfried's best,

By your love to your master grant me this last request.

"Let me have one small pleasure 'mid pains so manifold;
The stately head of Siegfried I would once more behold;
She begg'd so long, so wailful, that less they could not do
Than force the coffin open, and give the corpse to view.

"So thither they led the lady, where lay the clay-cold dead.
With her fine snowy fingers she rais'd his stately head,
And kiss'd him lifeless lying; long bending there she stood;
Her fair eyes for anguish wept o'er him tears of blood.

"How woeful was their parting! borne was she thence away,
Walk she could no longer; insensible she lay
Through bitterness of sorrow, so lovely and so still,
As if Death would have smitten, yet wanted heart to kill.

"When now the noble champion, O'erwhelm'd with boundless sorrow the valiant chiefs were
found,

That from the land of Niblung had come with him erewhile;
King Siegmund too thereafter was seldom seen to smile.

"Many were there among them who made unceasing moan,
Nor ate nor drank for anguish till three whole days were
gone.

Then hard constraint compell'd them to live against their
will,
And they from grief recover'd, as haps to thousands still.

"In deadly swoon unconscious the widow'd Kriemhild lay,
Both day and night unalter'd e'en to the second day,
Nor heard what'er was spoken, nor mark'd what pass'd
around;

In like unheeding sorrow was eke king Siegmund drown'd."

3. The Slavonic, or more properly *Slovanic*,* volume interests us much. The true national literature is little known, and it is even dubious if a considerable portion of these selections come accurately within the pale. What we had from Dr. Bowring, Mr. Wratislaw seems to think are too freely translated to afford us the spirit and peculiarity of the originals; and he states that the historical ballads are especially rude and characteristic. Bohemia appears to be the fountain-head, and we rejoice to see it stated, is so engaged in promoting the desirable end:—

"That a road is thus opened for the formation of a considerable literature is evident; the Bohemians are well aware of their opportunity, and are exerting themselves to the uttermost, both in the republication of ancient, and the composition of modern works, especially through the society called the *Matice Ceska*. What the end of these things will be, what influence will be exercised upon human, and especially upon European, civilization by the Slavonians, is known for certain to God alone; my own belief is, that Bohemia is the point

* "The Slavonian does not call himself *Slavon*, but *Slovan*, from *Slavo* a word, as opposed to the *Nimce* or non-speaker, *βάρβαρος*." To write *Slavonic*, as many do, is still more preposterous.—Ed. L. G.

of contact and mingling of the two streams of civilization, which have issued, the one from Rome, the other from Constantinople; that through her and her literature the latter will be affected, modified, strengthened, and improved by the former; that she will be the chief agent in the cultivation and moral elevation of the countless Slavonic multitudes in the east of Europe; and that finally her own glorious history will be merged in the splendours of the grand Slavonic civilization, as the bright morning star fades away and is lost in the glowing radiance of the risen sun."

Whilst this is consummating, we will take Time by the forelock, and treat our readers with a few of the prettiest turns and chiefest novelties in this acceptable little volume. We begin with a common-place subject:—

THE CUCKOO.

"Upon the plain an oak-tree stands,
A cuckoo there doth sing,
And still she mourns and still complains,
That 'tis not always Spring.
"How in the fields could ripen corn,
If Spring were evermore?
How apples on the orchard-trees,
Were Summer ne'er to go?
"Or how the ears in garners freeze,
Were nought but Autumn known?
How woeful were it for the maid,
If always left alone!"

The following reminds us of a very similar English piece, which, however, has only the earlier and concluding pleasantries, and not the intervening tenderness:—

"As I my own Ludmilla
Conducted to her home,
Upon the grass we sat us,—
What's that to any one?
"But it was nothing naughty,
That there we two were at,
But only open-hearted
Did we together chat.
"I speak again, 'Dear Maiden,
With faltering voice declare,
"If but, my dear Ludmilla,
A bit more grown you were!"
"She cast her little eyes down,
And at her cheeks so bright,
(So red they glow'd with blushes),
You might a candle light.
"I speak again, 'Dear Maiden,
What is it makes thy woe?"
With that upon me streaming,
Her scalding tears did flow.
"O weep not, golden maiden!
O what has come to thee?
For thee has ever, ever,
My heart beat loyally.
"Thereon with fond affection
Her to my heart I press,
And all intoxicated
I swim in happiness.
"The calm still moon forth issued,
All wan and pale was she,
And when I kiss'd my darling,
She smil'd our bliss to see.
"To meet again to-morrow,
We faithful promise made,
But something rustled near us,—
O how we were afraid!
"Then I at length arising
Accompanied her home,
And still I gave her kisses—
What's that to any one?"

The Slavonian antagonism to the Magyars is tersely expressed in the following; and it is striking to find the people we are just now so fond of idolizing as persecuted patriots, represented as persecuting oppressors:—

"Hungarians, Hungarians!
Why do ye these wrongs?
Why strive from our people
To wrench out their tongues?
This not the wild Tatars
Endeavour'd to do,
Than them to be fiercer
Is't pleasing to you?"

"The Little Bird" is a curious bit:—

"My dearest, dearest mother!
Come tell, O tell to me,
What that, which in my bosom
Unceasing plays can be?"

"It playeth and it singeth,
Sometimes about it springs;
Sure shut up in my bosom's
A little bird with wings.

"Up stairs a cage is ready,
O go and fetch it here,
We'll catch the little birdie,
And close confine him there.

"We'll place him in the window,
And he to us shall sing,
Both when we're at our supper,
And when we're breakfasting."

And the last verse especially of five in a pathetic piece called "Departed Souls," is very sweet:—

"As dawn the morning twilight gray,
The bell proclaims the festal day
Of faithful spirits fled;
The churchward path doth Hanna seek,
The tender tear bedews her cheek,
Her own lov'd Jan is dead.

"And there where he had stood intent,
With looks of love upon her bent,
She mourns in secret meek;
Her hands are clasp'd, upcast her eyes,
Glist'ning with tears, towards the skies,
Her mute lips seem to speak.

"But when the people hymns of praise
To God for parted spirits raise,
And 'Rest in peace' resounds,
Sends Hanna too her voice above,
The Father of eternal love,
She knows, will heal her wounds.

"When at the ending festival
Before the sacred altar all
For friends their offerings lay,
Hanna unclasps a heart of gold,
The gift of him, whom slumbers hold,
That pass no more away.

"As back she to her cottage wends,
The sun into the height ascends,
Image of life to come;
And then doth Hanna upward gaze,
Amidst her tears a smile there plays,
She sees the lov'd one's home!"

Many of the other poems will please the reader.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

Critical and Historical Essays. By W. H. Prescott. Bentley.

WITH the exception of one Essay, we believe the whole of this collection is a reprint of articles which have already instructed and gratified the public. The exception, however, is of so much literary interest that, to our eyes, it is worth at least any two of its companions, and consequently deserves our especial notice. Generally accomplished as Mr. Prescott is, there is no subject on which we could imagine him so perfectly at home, and fully informed as upon the subject of Spanish literature. His most important previous pursuits must have made it familiar to him in all its branches; and, therefore, when we find him taking up Mr. Tieknor's admirable work for his theme, we are sure that the result will be an example of excellent criticism and congenial illustration. That these two writers, among the very foremost in place not only in American but in the world's estimation, as the producers of books of the highest and most lasting standard character, were fellow-students together in earlier days, adds a charm to this treatise, and is an honour to the National Institutions of their country for the cultivation of the intellect of her gifted sons. The fruits show the tree.

This very able paper occupies but sixty pages; but they are full of matter. At first Mr. Prescott speaks of the labour which his friend must have bestowed on his history; for truly does he observe:—

"It is a tedious process to read through a library, in order to decide that the greater part is probably not worth reading at all."

We are then informed of the fact known to scholars, that—

"No work on a similar extended plan is to be found in Spain itself. Their own literary histories have been chiefly limited to the provinces, or to particular departments of letters. We may except, indeed, the great work of Father Andres, which, comprehending the whole circle of European science and literature, left but a comparatively small portion to his own country. To his name may also be added that of Lampillas, whose work, however, from its rambling and its controversial character, throws but a very partial and unsatisfactory glance on the topics which he touches.

"The only books on a similar plan, which cover the same ground with the one before us, are the histories of Bouterwek and Sismondi. The former was written as part of a great plan for the illustration of European art and science since the revival of learning,—projected by a literary association in Göttingen. The plan, as is too often the case in such copartnerships, was very imperfectly executed. The best fruits of it were the twelve volumes of Bouterwek, on the elegant literature of modern Europe. That of Spain occupies one of those volumes.

"It is written with acuteness, perspicuity, and candour. Notwithstanding the writer is perhaps too much under the influence of certain German theories then fashionable, his judgments, in the main, are temperate and sound, and he is entitled to great credit as the earliest pioneer in this untrodden field of letters. The great defect in the book is the want of proper materials on which to rest these judgments. Of this the writer more than once complains. It is a capital defect, not to be compensated by any talent or diligence in the author; for in this kind of writing, as we have said, books are facts, the very stuff out of which the history is to be made.

"Bouterwek had command of the great library of Göttingen. But it would not be safe to rely on any one library, however large, for supplying all the materials for an extended literary history. Above all, this is true of Spanish literature. The difficulty of making a literary collection in Spain is far greater than in most other parts of Europe. The booksellers' trade there is a very different affair from what it is in more favoured regions. The taste for reading is not, or rather has not been, sufficiently active to create a demand for the republication always of even the best authors, the ancient editions of whose works have become scarce, and most difficult to be procured. The impediment to a free expression of opinion has condemned many more works to the silence of manuscript. And these manuscripts are preserved, or, to say truth, buried, in the collections of old families, or of public institutions, where it requires no ordinary interest with the proprietors, private or public, to be allowed to disinter them.

Some of the living Spanish scholars are now busily at work in these useful explorations, the result of which they are giving from time to time to the world, in the form of *livraisons*, or numbers, which seem likely to form an important contribution to historical science. For the impulse thus given to these patriotic labours the world is mainly indebted to the late venerable Navarrete, who in his own person led the way, by the publication of a series of important historical documents. It is only from these obscure and uncertain repositories, and from booksellers' stalls, that the more rare and recondite works in which Spain is so rich can be procured; and it is only under great advantages that the knowledge of their places of deposit can be obtained, and that, having obtained it, the works can be had at a price proportioned to their rarity. The embarrassments caused by this circumstance have been greatly diminished under the more liberal spirit of the present day, which, on a few occasions, has even unlocked the jealous archives of Simancas,

that Robertson, backed by the personal authority of the British ambassador, strove in vain to penetrate.

"Spanish literature occupies also one volume of Sismondi's popular work on the culture of Southern Europe. But Sismondi was far less instructed in literary criticism than his German predecessor, of whose services he has freely availed himself in the course of his work. Indeed, he borrows from him, not merely thoughts, but language, translating from the German page after page, and incorporating it with his own eloquent commentary. He does not hesitate to avow his obligations; but they prove at once his own deficiencies in the performance of his critical labours, as well as in the possession of the requisite materials. Sismondi's ground was civil history, whose great lessons no one had meditated more deeply; and it is in the application of these lessons to the character of the Spaniards, and in tracing the influence of that character on their literature, that a great merit of his work consists. He was, moreover, a Frenchman,—or, at least, a Frenchman in language and education; and he was prepared, therefore, to correct some of the extravagant theories of the German critics, and to rectify some of their judgments by a moral standard, which they had entirely overlooked in their passion for the beautiful."

We cannot conceive anything of a comprehensive glance more substantially accurate than this. It clears the way for Ticknor, and demonstrates what he had to do. As he has done it so admirably (see *Literary Gazette* a month or two since) we will not follow Prescott in pointing out how he obtained his sufficing qualifications by residence in the country, elaborate studies and indefatigable research. Nor need we enter into the details of the several divisions of his inquiry, and the talent with which his illustrations of the Spanish authors of all ages are executed. The *Cid*, of course, occupies a prominent situation; and we will select a passage concerning that remarkable poem as a detached specimen of the whole Essay:—

"The Spanish Chronicles are distributed into several classes, as those of a public and of a private nature, romantic chronicles, and those of travels. The work which may be said to lead the van in the long array is the '*Cronica General*' of Alfonso the Wise, written by this monarch probably somewhere about the middle of the thirteenth century. It covers a wide ground, from the creation to the time of the royal writer. The third book is devoted to the *Cid*, ever the representative of the heroic age of Castile. The fourth records the events of the monarch's own time. Alfonso's work is followed by the '*Chronicle of the Cid*,' in which the events of the champion's life are now first detailed in sober prose."

Adverting to chronicles, we have here a singular story connected with the chivalry of Spain, that mania cured by Cervantes with his inimitable prescription, *Don Quixote*:—

"Extravagant and even impossible as are many of the adventures recorded in the books of chivalry, they still seemed so little to exceed the absurdities frequently witnessed or told of known and living men, that many persons took the romances themselves to be true histories, and believed them. Thus Mexico, the trustworthy historiographer of Charles the Fifth, says, in 1545, when speaking of 'the Amadis, Lisuarte, and Clarions,' that 'their authors do waste their time and weary their faculties in writing such books, which are read by all and believed by many. For,' he goes on, 'there be men who think all these things really happened, just as they read or hear them, though the greater part of the things themselves are sinful, profane, and unbecoming.' And Castillo, another chroni-

cler, tells us gravely, in 1587, that Philip the Second, when he married Mary of England, only forty years earlier, promised that, if King Arthur should return to claim the throne, he would peaceably yield to that prince all his rights; thus implying, at least in Castillo himself, and probably in many of his readers, a full faith in the stories of Arthur and his Round Table."

The notice of Lope de Vega may furnish us with another brief example:—

"The vast popularity of Lope, and the unprecedented amount of his labours, brought with them, as might be expected, a substantial recompense. This remuneration was of the most honourable kind, for it was chiefly derived from the public. It is said to have amounted to no less than a hundred thousand ducats,—which, estimating the ducat at its probable value of six or seven dollars of our day, has no parallel—or, perhaps, not more than one—upon record."

"Yet Lope did not refuse the patronage of the great. From the Duke of Sessa he is said to have received, in the course of his life, more than twenty thousand ducats. Another of his noble patrons was the Duke of Alva; not the terrible duke of the Netherlands, but his grandson—a man of some literary pretensions, hardly claimed for his great ancestor. Yet with the latter he has been constantly confounded, by Lord Holland, in his life of the poet, by Southey, after an examination of the matter, and lastly, though with some distrust, by Nicholas Antonio, the learned Castilian biographer. Mr. Ticknor shows, beyond a doubt, from a critical examination of the subject, that they are all in error. The inquiry and the result are clearly stated in the notes, and are one among the many evidences which these notes afford of the minute and very accurate researches of our author into matters of historical interest, that have baffled even the Castilian scholars."

"We remember meeting with something of a similar blunder in Schlegel's Dramatic Lectures, where he speaks of the poet Garcilasso de la Vega, as descended from the Peruvian Incas, and as having lost his life before Tunis. The fact is, that the poet died at Nice, and that, too, some years before the birth of the Inca Garcilasso, with whom Schlegel so strangely confounds him. One should be charitable to such errors,—though a dogmatic critic, like Schlegel, has as little right as any to demand such charity,—for we well know how difficult it is always to escape them, when, as in Castile, the same name seems to descend, as an heirloom, from one generation to another; if it be not, indeed, shared by more than one of the same generation. In the case of the Duke of Alva, there was not even this apology."

With two other miscellaneous remarks we close this mention of a publication which ought to stand everywhere by the side of Mr. Ticknor's invaluable contribution to Literary History—the history most interesting and yet the least cultivated by the greatest nations of the earth:—

"It is remarkable that the Spaniards, whose language rests so broadly on the Latin, in the same manner as with the French and the Italians, should have refused to rest their literature, like them, on the classic models of antiquity, and have chosen to conform to the romantic spirit of the more northern nations of the Teutonic family. It was the paramount influence of the Gothic element in their character, co-operating with the peculiar and most stimulating influences of their early history."

"A peculiar branch of Castilian literature is its Proverbs; those extracts of the popular wisdom,—'short sentences from long experience,' as Cervantes publicly styles them. They have been gathered, more than once, in Spain, into printed collections. One of these, in the last century, contains no less than twenty-four thousand of these

sayings! And a large number was still left floating among the people. It is evidence of extraordinary sagacity in the nation, that its humblest classes should have made such a contribution to its literature. They have an additional value with purists for their idiomatic richness of expression,—like the *riboboli* of the Florentine mob, which the Tuscan critics hold in veneration as the racy runnings from the dregs of the people. These popular maxims may be rather compared to the copper coin of the country, which has the widest circulation of any, and bears the true stamp of antiquity—not adulterated, as is too often the case with the finer metals."

We are glad to see Mr. Prescott pay the just tribute of his applause to M. Gayangos, at this moment one of the most liberal and accomplished ornaments of Spanish literature, and one to whom the literati throughout Europe owe a debt of warm gratitude, whilst his native land is brightly illustrated by his toils.

FURTHER AUTUMNAL RETROSPECT.

THERE are many unpretending works, of much talent and utility, and small price, which are almost hidden from the public by the severe expense of advertising productions, which amounts to the heaviness of a prohibition on them; and also by the overwhelming parade of lighter articles which, like the whip upon a syllabub, attract all the notice, while the hidden solids and sweets below are only spooned out by a few cognoscenti in the rationale of feeding and nutrition. To drop metaphor, a good little book which cannot stand the prices, puffing, railway billing, and other methods of self-celebrity, is about as dead a venture as a bad book ought to be.

Well, Mr. Critic, says a constant reader of the *Literary Gazette*, why don't you prevent this misunderstanding, and make known to us, as in duty bound, which are the true and which the false *Amphitryons*? Dearest reader (we reply) we do our best, but even we, we ourselves, suffer under the same calamity. In the immense and noisy ebullient crowd, to the creation of which we must confess we have only too parentally contributed, our own gentle and persuasive voice is not sufficiently loud to be heard; whilst the roars, and shouters, and boasters, and clamorous demagogues fill the air with sounds as empty as they are, and it. Otherwise, dear and deserving friends, we should try to set you right, but, as Lord Erskine humbly confessed, we "know we are a little lower than the angels," and our utmost is to minister to the truth as far as our industry can help our human exertions.

Ideas; or Outlines of a New System of Philosophy. By A. C. G. Jobert. Essay the Second and Last. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE first Essay we considered one of the ablest of modern productions upon the philosophy of the day, and though the writer has no such prominent position in University, Church, or State, as to command the everyday homage of the *laudatores temporis acti*, we deem the continuation of his analyses as much entitled to profound consideration. We are not going to embroil ourselves with the platitudes of the spiritual and dialectic schools, as oracularly issued by their perfectly contemptible echoists, to fill the vulgar ear with fourth-rate philosophy; and metaphysics

are toilsome to unravel so as to come at a clear and undeniable thread. The author re-asserts the absolute existence of matter, and observes:—

"There is an endless variety of things which subsist quite independently of myself, that I cannot see or touch, and which no one has ever seen or will ever see. Here is a particle of carbon, say an atom of carbon, escaping, with two atoms of oxygen, from the flame of a piece of straw, burning it matters not where. I can follow this atom in its vagaries through the atmosphere: I can see it, with the mind's eye, wandering here and there, urged on by the wind, revolving round our sphere; now above the loftiest mountains, now in the deep valleys; then, perhaps, absorbed in a cloud and falling down with a drop of rain or a flake of snow; again taken up by the vegetative power, and either sucked up by a root, or rising anew in the atmosphere and appropriated by a leaf, or becoming a part in the composition of a rose, which may, but only perchance, and perhaps simply through its perfume, exhibit to my senses the reality of that matter which I had considered as forming the substantial part of a piece of straw. Myriads of myriads of these atoms exist in our atmosphere which will never fall under the cognizance of organic perception; and how could we believe, then, that their condition of existence resides in our minds only?

"It is not, therefore, to the sensation produced in us, by the straw, the rose, or the pebble, that we give the abstract name of matter; it is to something which we know to be in existence, even when it is not in a condition to produce any sensation at all; the sensation being caused by the concrete form assumed, at a particular time, by this independent and (in the actual order of nature) indestructible element, which cultivated common sense and reason show us as constantly forming the basis of all these things which are brought to our knowledge by the agency of the senses.

"To say that the existence of a pebble is wholly independent of our perception, is not assuming that 'the word pebble is the cause of the pebble,' but that the pebble is composed of matter existing in the pebble itself; whilst Berkeley's argument supposes that the matter composing the pebble exists not in the pebble, but only in our mind; and this is the doctrine which I oppose. * * *

"I fully admit that the knowledge of these untangible atoms originates in real facts, collected by the inductive process, or in deductions from experience. What I want to establish now is, the independent existence of the external world, or to express my view by a forcible figure, the *chasm* subsisting between the existence of the great generalization which we call matter, and the existence of myself as a thinking unity."

Such is the universal proposition which Mr. Jobert works out very ably:—

"A great number (he states) of philosophers of the present age, at variance with the common sense of mankind at large, consider the real existence of the material world as a question without an issue.

"It is, according to Dr. Whewell, 'a profound, apparently insoluble problem;' and according to Mr. Augustus de Morgan, 'if a man should affirm the whole creation to be a dream of his own mind, he would be absolutely unanswerable;' whilst Mr. J. D. Morell maintains that 'the material hypothesis (?) of the world, in its ordinary sense, is involved in too many difficulties to render it even probable, much less demonstrably true;' and that 'we can neither prove the existence nor the non-existence of the material world.' The error of these writers consists in their not having perceived that the evidence of a simple assertion does not fall under the test of syllogistic reasoning. An assertion being the fundamental irreducible element of the logical process, is either true or false; and the evidence of its being the one or the other exists in

itself, but cannot be demonstrated. Thus we do not require a proof that 2 and 2 are 4, and we cannot logically disprove the assertion that 2 and 2 are not 4.

"Should a man of common sense happen to say, in presence of a metaphysician, that snow is white; if the metaphysician asserts that snow is black, the man of common sense can only turn away in raising his eyebrows; and this is an argument sufficiently demonstrating that 'such an idea involves an absurdity.' But if now the metaphysician, instead of pretending that snow is black, affirms that it has no existence at all; what difference will it make in the judgment of the man of common sense, except perhaps that he will shrug his shoulders, and consider this last assertion as a still greater absurdity, or think that metaphysicians are not to be trusted as sound reasoners?"

With this we must be content to leave Mr. Jobert's volume. His illustration of the finite divisibility of matter and his argument against the doctrine of actual universal unity, may be recommended to every philosophical inquirer as eminently deserving of study.

The Art of Questioning and Answering in French. The same author and publishers.

A SECOND edition of very instructive exercises towards mastering the French language and its niceties.

The New Philosophy. Parts I., II., III. Saunders and Otley.

THERE is a wide scope in this publication, the author of which begins with *Creation* and ends with *Futurity*; and occupies the intermediate period—

"With the trial of the great questions which have ever, as yet, agitated mankind—as why man was placed on this earth—what his future destination his present state—why evil, wrong, pain, and death are permitted in the creation—and enter into an investigation on the nature of God himself."

His system is "Progression," and his assertions of the boldest class. For example, he says:—

"Mankind, certainly, even now, are in the merest childhood of knowledge as to religion, and there is no way of growing out of it but by research. The common people of all, even European, countries are still grossly superstitious; and even among the classes who are well educated, one hears such narrow and bigoted sentiments as disgrace reason, show, indeed, that they never have used reason in religion; and this because men have taken upon them to declare you neither must nor can go any further."

And—

"By what pretence, (he asks), can man assume—by what meanness allow to be assumed over him by mortals like himself, a domination that Heaven takes not, a coercion of those just rights of using his own reason for himself, and uttering his opinions thereupon, which form the basis of all the dignity of his nature, and that God himself respects? And as man has not arrived at personal freedom, nor taken that stand in the creation that he is able to do, and meant for, while he lives in a state in which his property may be invaded with impunity, his choice of action constrained, or his labour extorted while he himself reaps not the fruit of it; so neither has he morally, while the slightest restriction is put upon his *thinking*, or the least opposition made to the utterance of his thoughts. . . . It is no matter that those thoughts may be erroneous. Where there is freedom, and people are not obliged to receive opinions, error cannot be long-lived; truth must prevail, when not kept down and concealed. * * *

"We are exactly in the state we must have been in had man begun in ignorance. The point

we are at precisely tallies with it. Knowledge has just reached as far as could be attained or expected, through all the mistakes, corruptions, superstitions, fraud, force, established customs and prejudices which are engendered and set up even as sacred institutions, in a state of ignorance. Navigation and many great discoveries have made among us immense progress in civilization, but *general* ignorance is only now beginning to give way before *general* knowledge. It is only of Europe so much can be said, and only of a few countries in it.

"But there is one plain rule which men of all persuasions may safely and surely go by, if they would use it. When any new sect or system propose themselves, sift them by the sieve of virtue: if they contain anything contrary to the practice of good and pure morals, they are false and destructive. On them there can be no question, and even an attempt to make questions upon them should at once be reprobated. But as for doctrines, systems, and opinions, these, however much they may startle—and they are what men soonest startle at, like children, frightened at ghosts, ideal beings, beyond an attack on real substance, which morals may be said to be, as they personally affect us—these, I say, should never be turned from, run down, or taken in aversion, merely because they are new."

Man must work out his moral as well as his physical acquisitions, for—

"Man is a working agent in everything moral, as well as physical."

And—

"To have been placed here all wise, all virtuous, (which, by the way, is an impossibility, as virtue cannot exist without the performance of good, or resistance of evil,) all happy, with every blessing ready round him, and he only have to enjoy and partake, would be the extreme of injustice—and who would be the unjust? God himself, in giving what ought to be the reward of virtue to a creature who had, as yet, done nothing to deserve it."

Instead of the verbiage of Mr. Marsland, see a better style:—

"Misery there is in the world, but it is man's own making: that is one thing; to assign it as the decree of God, or the law of Nature, is another. In that case there would indeed be no remedy; but if man makes it he can also get out of it. In discovering the real dignity of his nature, his soul will rise and his efforts expand with it; he sees his very weakness makes his greatness; he sees the generous dealings of his Master, who becomes more revered in his eyes as he finds the real greatness of his bounty, that what he deemed severity or punishment are proofs how much that Master has honoured him; and what he lamented as the woes and wants of his nature, are the means of its utility and strength. He must still work, but now work willingly; not as a slave, but a servant; not by force, but by choice; not only to approve himself to his Master, but earn his own advancement and reward. * * *

"To suppose, even of heaven, that you jump at once into a state of perfection—the bliss perfect, or yourself made perfect—is as unjust as the supposition that man began in this world in the enjoyment of perfect felicity before he had done anything to deserve it. And, moreover, it does not thus make, as you childishly fancy, a place of perfection, but imperfection; it is short and stand-still. You have not yet got to just ideas of what perfection is. Perfection is only consistent with progression. So only can the *least* good be deserved; so only however much is gained, more is still to be won! * * *

"But I must go further, and, advancing my theory, say, that man's *next* state will, in all probability and appearance, be progressive, too. I say more, that if his next state was eternal, and he reached in it the ultimatum of felicity, it would not

be just. I say more still, it would not so perfectionize but lessen good. Certainly it would forever stop all increase, all improvement.

"The good of my system is, that its hopes are only to be gained by virtue—personal, practical virtue. It will be made a crime by very many, no doubt, to take this liberty, to seek, or offer new hopes; but it stands vindicated if it is the most practical,—and is it not? Do we not at present, in religion, trust to arriving at our hopes by other means? They are to be granted on the reception of tenets acquired for us, or given to us as a boon: evidently, therefore, hope is not driven to practice to obtain her objects, on the contrary, turned indolent, or, active principle as she is, mischievous; for, can it do otherwise than produce pernicious effects, to show us the promise of any advantage to be gained without earning or desert of our own? I think we may see these ill effects are produced, for they are those we complain of in religion. But under my system, no belief of any tenets, however right—no merits not your own—no bounty of mercy, (as you would call it,) can do *ought* for you—can win you one particle: you must earn it, work yourself; the eye of wisdom may discern the reward, but virtue only can give it to possession.

"We all know what pain is, and it is abhorrent to us; hence, accumulating all that is most direful in its sad varieties, darkness, eternal burning, endless tortures, a terrible place and state is concocted without difficulty. But when we come to heavenly joys, we have not the same assistances; we suppose extreme bliss, yet, thinking it necessary to the holiness of the place, all should be entirely spiritual, a Mahomet's paradise cannot be held out to allure, nor are intellectual and scientific pleasures and pursuits presented in its stead; indeed, hardly can be in a state that assumes intuition—hardly anything, therefore, remains to offer. We endeavour to make it up by saying there will be joys unspeakable and inconceivable, words which are a sort of after-growth, which, indeed, is wanted, the first crop is so short. But this, itself, entirely prevents our ideas of heaven from effecting that on us which is the only use of showing us something of heaven before we can share it—viz, by the prospect inspiring us with the desire to attain it. It is impossible for joys that are unutterable to us, and inconceivable by us, to create wishes in us for them, hope or consolation by them, or serve to reconcile us to death. And it is undeniable, experimentally, that we do not desire our heaven: that none are conciliated, far less wish for death to obtain its joys; and that we are unmoved to present practice by what representations we make of them. In short, our heaven falls more flat, and unprofitable, than our hell. That both have failed from their *extremes*.

"We set heaven above the stars, because we must set it somewhere, and they are the highest objects of vision; but hell! where is that abode of misery to be placed in this fair creation? I shall be retorted on, perhaps, (not answered,) 'where would I suppose the place of punishment for the wicked in my system?' I reply, nowhere. I do not suppose any place of torture, where all those who have behaved ill are to be confined, and pent together like malefactors in our jails and prisons. My system admits nothing of such a kind. 'But where are the wicked to go to?' Even where the good go: there are none so good above others as to have any claim to such an entire and perpetual distinction and separation, which would be neither just nor beneficial to either party. The punishments of the bad will not lie in being excluded from that state which, according to my system, as *next* must be in itself an advance, and superior; but in not being allowed to share its advantages, and having to work out the retribution they owe to others, which will at once visit them with stinging regret at the goods they lose, and laborious exertions to work out their debt; yet inspire them with

wishes to regain their lost ground, and the then attainable reward. This will constitute an ample and just punishment, without excluding them from all society, or mixture with aught of good, which would even in the better engender pride, and exaltation beyond desert, while it must inevitably deprave and harden them, as we see our jails and prisons do; but this way they will be put to service, by which alone they can make atonement to others, and work self-reformation. And sure the good would find a pleasure in helping forward those who have erred—an exercise of virtue fit for heaven—instead of consigning them to perdition, and endless separation; and though they obtain first, these also would follow."

On divine mercy, it is said, it is just and also "merciful,"—

"For though all parties pretend to this quality in a peculiar degree, and assume to enhance God's attribute in it, how do they do it? By turning it to bestow on themselves an undue portion of felicity, but to every other sect condemnation and misery; and while they vaunt the mercy that bestows on them an eternity of bliss, even after their wickedness, think it no infringement of it, or inconsistency in it, to consign those whose persuasion is different to their own, (that is, the infinitely greater part of the human race,) not only to exclusion but to torment, (as there are but these two alternatives,) even though their lives may have been good. An assumption that, for its irrationality, injustice, cruelty, and partiality, is such, that it will be a wonder when religion is enlightened by knowledge, that it was possible for men to entertain it, far less ascribe the execution of it to God. Let reason but look at it—nothing but the bigotry of ignorance could assert, nothing but the credulity of ignorance receive, such an assumption. But progression! though it indeed exacts every one to answer, and answer fully, for his faults—all his faults, chastised, made to atone for—thrown back, and then have to work his ground up again—this is just, but not cruel: he is indeed punished, but not lost: fallen behind in the march, he is yet able to recover his standard: he still can pay his debts, and those cleared, he may begin as new again, enabled to follow on his predecessors through all the exaltations of progression. Thus no soul is, or can be, lost for ever, as in the dreadful retributions of other systems. Surely the system that saves most is most merciful; and progression saves all. What other does, or allows, of this? And as this does it, and yet without the least infringement of justice, that alone might stamp it as the true.

"A right comprehension of God, his design in creation, his dealings with man, and the law he goes by, begins to be cleared to the understanding by lifting evil off from man's own nature and material nature, and laying it on man's abuse of his free-will—that free-will which is at once the source and evidence of the greatness of his nature. His nature is shown to be great, which surely it would be the native desire of his heart to recognise, were it not bent down by superstition and distorted by fallacy. This removing the stigma from our nature removes, at the same time, all mystery and unaccountableness from the ways of God, and opens his real dealings and character to our unveiled eyes.

"To make man ultimately a happy being, it was necessary to justice he should first *deserve* it; he cannot deserve it until he has exercised virtue: nor can he exercise virtue without free-will, and sufficient freedom of action to abuse, as well as use, the powers he is endowed with. It is the abuse of these powers, excellent in themselves, that has made, and makes, all the real evils there are in the world. Where is the mystery of this? It clears away the mysteries that perplexed us before, but assuredly makes none. Does it not account for all we see in society, and the state of man? Does it not answer to his free agency? Does it not hold him responsible, yet give him the care? Does it

not vindicate nature, and conform both to the justice and goodness of God? It does all these; and, by so doing, leaves no shadow on its truth. By that light of truth, the law has been shown that law is justice."

These passages elucidate all the leading principles of the New Philosophy, and we give them for what they may be worth, without expressing any opinion or offering any commentary of our own. The questions involved agitate the whole civilized world at this moment, in manifold shapes, and the press does but its proper work in showing what is written and published concerning them.

The Philosophy of the Beautiful. From the French of Victor Cousin. Pickering.

THIS interesting volume has been published nearly two years, and comes peremptorily within the purview of an Autumnal Retrospect. We will, however, confine ourselves to only a few points:—

"In truth, (the author affirms,) the more Beautiful a woman is, the more as you look on her, is desire displaced by a pure sentiment, a disinterested veneration. Such is the opinion of a true friend of art. If the sight of a beautiful statue awakens in us the desire of possession, let us have nothing to do with the Beautiful; for we are not made to enjoy it, we are not artists; and since the sentiment of the Beautiful is not desire, what should be said of those painters who endeavour to beguile the senses, to exactly copy the real, and to represent such forms as can awaken sensual appetite and the desire of possession? They miss the great end of art: nothing that is an object of desire is Beautiful, and nothing that is Beautiful excites desire."

It is very difficult to acknowledge this in its full scope. The word "desire" has as many senses as there can be objects presented to excite that feeling; and surely a desire to possess a beautiful woman, or statue, or painting, must grow out of the original perception of beauty in either. Otherwise, no one would ever wish for anything really beautiful; the commonplace and ugly alone would provoke the passion for making them your own. *Touchstone's* sentiments towards the homely *Audrey* would be the highest and purest philosophy of human nature. But for another axiom, which we doubt:—

"The sentiment of the Beautiful then, even when accompanied by the idea of utility, is anterior to it and to the desire which that idea awakens in us; but there are numbers of instances where the Beautiful is altogether destitute of usefulness, and where, consequently, the sentiment of Beauty is solitary and pure."

We would require an instance to convince us of this; for we cannot imagine one for ourselves, though we are free to confess that the proportion of the useful may be exceedingly small in comparison to the proportion of the beautiful. We would again ask, Can the Beautiful be Useless? And again, the following seems to be a *non sequitur*:—

"If the Beautiful is entirely subjective, if it depends on man, there is no longer Beauty in nature, and nothing is more variable than the Beautiful. And if the Beautiful is wholly objective, if it depends on nature, there is no beauty in man."

All appears to depend on the intelligence of man; for there may exist Absolute Beauties, which man cannot appreciate. But we have adverted to these insulated sentences rather to show that the work affords much food for

reflection, than to oppose its general views; which indeed we could not do without entering upon the question of the author's Pantheistic tendencies—a question, both on taste and principle, removed from our discussion.

WELSH LITERATURE.

Waring's Recollections of the Bard of Glamorgan.

Second Notice—Conclusion.

THE *Cambrian* newspaper has preserved a good many recollections of Iolo; but, as far as we gather, the annexed antiquarian curiosities have not before been published. Referring to the work on ancient Welsh History, in three volumes, published by Messrs. Longman in 1801, in the production of which Williams was concerned, with Mr. William Jones and Mr. Owen Jones, he broke off from his associates and vehemently charged them, as well as other historians of Welsh antiquities, with crass ignorance and misapprehension of the data on which they attempted to enlighten the public.

"In my collections (he says) I strenuously opposed the absurd fables of the dark ages, which are most obviously falsehoods of the darkest hue. This gave offence to my coadjutors, who charged me with rejecting supposititious documents, which never existed, which I, with diligence, could never find, or hear where they were to be found; and which they cannot but know do not exist anywhere. Such are the fictions of Geoffrey of Monmouth, that of King Arthur and his knights of the round table, and many things more of the same character. These volumes, however, contain various and valuable historical information; but, on one pretence and another, I never received the stipulated recompense for my time and labour."

He is not more tender of other authors:—

"Alluding to a proposed work of Mr. Richard Rees, the Bard says, 'He wrote to me some years ago, wishing to engage me to assist in preparing a complete History of Wales, in which he intended that William Owen should have a hand. I am determined never to write in conjunction with any man whatever, and least of all with William Owen, who has (with his *hobbyhorses*), absolutely ruined everything he ever took in hand. In his Dictionary and Grammar, he has introduced into a most horrid cacophony of pronunciation, a most barbarous orthography. In his *Cambrian Biography*, more than half the articles are erroneous. He pretended to give a correct Topography of Wales to Mr. Nicholas Carlyle, and has made the most glaring mistakes. The commots are frequently placed not less than 100 miles from where they ought to have been. In the maps which he drew for Warrington's *History of Wales* he places that commot of Glamorgan which is most westerly, in the eastern extremity of the county. A commot which ought to have been far in Caermarthenshire, is by him placed along the sea-shore, between Neath and Towey rivers. He loaded Mr. Chalmers's *Caledonia* with the most shameful blunders. In the *Welsh Archaeology*, he has altered the orthography into that of his dictionary and grammar, thus forging fictitious authorities for what he has done. His Welsh writings may be said to be English written in Welsh words, or Welsh words construed on the principles, and according to the rules of the English grammar. Who would write in conjunction with such a man?"

"I have roughly sketched a kind of prospectus of a collection of documents for a new History of Wales. I am possessed of as much documental matter from ancient MSS., as would fill at least five or six volumes of good size, and close page. I can give references to others in the Bodleian

Library, British Museum, &c., such as would fill many volumes more. The original documents, and their authorities, should be given in their original and true colours to the public, with a sufficiency of time for learned and judicious historians and antiquarians, to form their judgment of them, before any one can, with sufficient propriety, propose a new and regular History of Wales. Vaughan of Hengwrt, Henry Rowlands of Anglesea, York of Dyffryn Aled, and others, have given their wild dreams to the public; but they are only dreams; and to accomplish the consummation of historical absurdity, Edward Davies, curate of Olveston, has manufactured two huge volumes, neither of them good for anything, but for such a purpose as Dr. Johnson once used such a large book—to hurl at an impertinent Bookseller's head. I cannot help using the language of sarcasm, when I am obliged to mention the *stuff* that has been written on Welsh History.

"Rowland's *Mona Antiqua* is nothing but a jumble of wild and confounded conjectures, strongly exemplifying the observation of an able writer of the last age, that many of those termed *the learned*, are of all others the most ignorant. I fear that such will be found, in frequent instances, to be wilfully so. To know Latin and Greek, is to know everything, in the idea of too many. Preconceptions are formed, or ideas acquired, from the Greek and Roman writers, and to coincide with these, they twist and strain whatever they find in other languages, rejecting, or passing over in silence, everything that tallies not with their own imaginary schemes. The most authentic and valuable documents in the Welsh language, were very near at hand to Mr. Rowland, and we firmly believe of easy access, in the libraries of Gwedir, Mostyn, Cloddiaith, Hengwst, Llanvoda, Llanerch, and many others: but he could not admit anything, or very little, from these venerable documents into his history, without casting away, as quite worthless, the whole of his *hobby-horsical* system—for it merits no better term. He wrote from no authorities, but those of his own unwarrantable preconceptions. Wishing to establish these, he most probably, instead of consulting, avoided, as much as he possibly could, the genuine Welsh MSS. It was his interest that they should remain in eternal oblivion. However, his History of Anglesea has been, in too great a degree, the *Jack o' Lanthorn* of subsequent Welsh Historians, leading many, indeed all of them, most ridiculously astray."

His own whole design is thus laid down in a—

Prospectus of a Collection for a New History of Wales, by Edward Williams.

"Consisting of historical documents from ancient Welsh manuscripts with English translations. Each document to be accompanied with a critical dissertation illustrative of its contents, of its authenticity, &c.

"This work will consist of six volumes octavo, as far as can be calculated at present; each volume to contain at least 300 pages.

"As these manuscript documents have never been brought before the literary public, all who have hitherto written on the History of Wales, have only published DREAMS, many of them wild, in the greatest excess: all of them the mere illusions of untutored imagination, and of such a nature, as to excite a strong suspicion in the literary world, that the so much talked of Welsh MSS. are only fables, fictions of ancient Bards, &c. But the student of ancient Welsh literature will be fully convinced that no writings in any known language whatever, have less in them of fiction or fable, than the Welsh MSS. Geoffrey of Monmouth excepted. It has been supposed, by those who know nothing of the matter, that Geoffrey's history was compiled from the works of Taliesin and other ancient Bards; but Taliesin never mentioned, never alluded to anything like the Trojan origin of the Britons, nor ever did any other Bard, until long after the days of

Geoffrey. *Hopkin Thomas ap Einion*, a Bard who flourished about the year 1400, or but very little sooner, wrote a Romance, entitled *The History of Elphin son of Gwyddno, and of his Bard Taliesin*. Taliesin is a principal character in this romance, wherein are a number of pieces in verse attributed to him. In some of these, the Trojan origin of the Britons is mentioned or alluded to. The Editors of the *Myrryrian Archaeology* have not been able to distinguish between the fictitious and the genuine Taliesin, but have published both together; yet the language and idiom of *Hopkin Thomas ap Einion*, differ as much from those of the genuine Taliesin, as those of our most recent English poets do from the dialect and phraseology of Chaucer—As much did I say? I should have said, *much more*.

"The proposer of this publication, having for considerably more than half a century, made the Welsh language and literature his principal and favourite study, humbly flatters himself that he will be able to present the public with correct translations of those ancient historical MSS., and as literal as the singularly different idioms of the two languages can possibly admit. Occasional notes will be given, wherein obscurities, from peculiarity of idiom, will be elucidated; important differences of reading will be noticed, &c.

"The original documents will be kept entirely separate from their attendant dissertations, wherein will be given such adventitious observations as may be deemed necessary to illustrate them. Thus will the English reader see the *ancient Welsh MSS. accounts* in their genuine colours, unsophisticated by unwarrantable *periphrasis*, or paraphrase, and uncrippled and distorted by such vocabularian translations (more properly *caricatures*) as some have given of ancient Welsh writings—such translators, as seem never to have attained to any kind of idea of the peculiar import of idiom, in any language whatever.

"The attendant dissertations will consist of such comments and elucidations, as may be found necessary, or expedient. In these will be introduced, as occasion may require, a variety of historical passages from the works of the old Welsh Bards, with such fragments of history as are frequently found in old miscellaneous MS. collections, some of which are not unfrequently of considerable importance.

"Historians of all ages and of all countries, have, as it were, idolized the *arts of war*, and the successful *professors* of those infernal arts, called (in the Pandemonian dialect,) *HEROES*. As such fiends in human guise have unfortunately existed, their names and achievements are objects of history. O, may the memorials of them be such cautionary lessons, as may teach the future generations of this world, the principles of *genuine wisdom*! During a long succession of dark ages, rendered more truly dark by the little (O how very little!) attention paid to the arts of PEACE, we find comparatively nothing narrated, but the enormities of *brutalized human nature*, accounts of slaughters, of deluges of human blood, of cities in flames, of whole nations extirpated.

"In the publication here proposed, it is intended to give the best account that can be obtained of the state and extent of literature in Wales, from its incipencies in the Bardic or Druidic institutions, and through its progressive augmentations, during a period of more than four hundred years, wherein Wales and its nation constituted a province of the Roman empire, and this the most illuminated period, not only of that wonderful empire and people, but of all antiquity: a period additionally illuminated by the splendours of the Christian Religion, which, so early as the middle of the first century, was introduced into Britain. These circumstances duly considered, it will appear how fallaciously those reason, who suppose the ancient Welsh literature to be nothing more than that of such a rude and uncivilized people as the Caledonians were, at the period of their pretended *Ossian*. The Welsh through all ages, from the Roman period down to the present, wrote in their

own language; a language of very ancient and very high cultivation, as all who have thought the knowledge of it worth their acquisition, have, with surprise, confessed.

"The history of the Bardic and Druidic Institutions, as collected from authentic memorials, will be given; an account also of the most celebrated of the ancient Bards, with translated specimens of their poetry; accounts of prose writers of different periods, with evidences and characteristics of their authenticity; with views also of the various departments of ancient Welsh literature, and observations on such mechanical arts, as were known and practised in Wales, during the dark middle ages. By all which it will appear, that the Welsh were, upon the whole, not inferior in literature, arts, and general civilization, to their neighbouring nations of the same periods; and that they were superior to some of them, particularly so in their ethical writings, of which numerous and beautiful specimens are extant. On correct views of such circumstances, depend, in a great measure, the evidences of the authenticity of the ancient Welsh literature and MSS. In only one department of literature, a solitary MS., even several copies of it, may be forged with facility, as instanced in the poems of *Osian*, of *Rowley*, &c., but to forge hundreds of MSS. in all branches of literature, of various and a long succession of periods, and to disperse them over a whole region, where, from very remote times, they still remain, must appear to be next to impossible, and what has never yet been known, in any age or country whatever. Of course the authenticity of the old Welsh literature falls not under the possibility of any rational doubt."

With one other long literary quotation, and two or three scraps of curious interest, we must now conclude our review. The quotation refers to an ancient mode of record, *i.e.*, on *Wood*, which we do not remember seeing so well explained before.

"The last meal (says the author) Edward Williams took under our roof was a breakfast, on his seventy-fifth birth-day; and on his receiving our good wishes, with the expression of our pleasure at seeing him so active and vigorous, he replied, 'Yes, I can still walk about, and enjoy the blessings of Providence—but it cannot be much longer—I hear the footsteps of Death behind me.' A lady, who was our guest, was much struck by the poetry of the last expression, and reminded me of it long after his decease. He brought me a *Peithynen* of his own making, duly inscribed with the angular characters of the primitive alphabet; and also a scroll, to illustrate at once the earliest form of a paper book, and the theory of written language. It contains a curious dissertation on the origin of letters, and the derivation of words connected with the art of writing. The roller for the scroll is admirably formed, though cut solely with a pen-knife by his own hand. This, with its valuable MS. contents, and its bardic blue silk wrapper, is carefully preserved. The *peithynen* was unfortunately cut from green and soft wood, and became so worm-eaten after a few years, that it fell to pieces, though very artistically put together."

Thus introduced, we have the following remarkable speculation:—

"The account (Bardic) of letters having been engraved, or perhaps rather *scratched* upon stone, at the time of their invention, is indeed mythological, but it is also, in all probability, historically true. That *wood* was the first material of general use for writing or inscribing upon, amongst the ancient Welsh, is most obvious; for the whole technology of literary knowledge in the Welsh language, or nearly the whole, is derived from wood, or from the art of inscribing upon wood.

"*Gwydd*, wood in its natural sense, is metaphorically used to signify Knowledge, Learning, the Science of Letters, &c.

"*Gwyddor*, derived from *Gwydd*, is the term of

most general use amongst us for an alphabet, or the series of written characters. *Egyddor* is also used, having the abbreviative preposition *E* prefixed to *gwyddor*.

"*Gwyddon*, (plural *Gwyddoniaid*), *i. e.* Men of Learning, were anciently called so before the Bardic and Druidical Institution was organized or established. They were the teachers, priests, and law-ministrators of the nation.

"*Goreyddardd*, from *Gwydd*, the augmentative particle *Gor* prefixed, signifies superior learning, or the higher degrees or kinds of knowledge.

"From *Gwydd* (wood) are derived the following words:—*Arwydd*, (*Ar* and *Gwydd*), a sign or symbol by which anything becomes known to us—a characteristic. *Cyfarwydd*, skilful, intelligent, dexterous, well-informed, well acquainted with anything. *Tymwyddyd*, information, intelligence, &c. *Hewydd*, otherwise written *Hwydd*, teachable, docile, easily or promptly acquiring knowledge, easily taught, &c.

"*Peithynen*, (*Lat. Compages*), the assemblage or series of Billets framed together in the *Staff Book* or *Billet Book*—whence

"*Peithynu* and *Peithoni*, to write, to record, to register, to enroll, to commit to writing, &c., terms which are metaphorical.

"*Saer*, a carpenter, or worker in wood; used also for a *writer* or *author* of a book, a poem, &c., because the first manner in general use of perpetuating knowledge, of recording anything, and of communicating knowledge by the means of letters, was, in a literal sense, an act of carpentry."

"*Saeruo*, in its natural sense, to act or play the carpenter, metaphorically used for the act of writing or composing a book, a poem, &c.

"*Naddu*, literally to *hew* or *cut* wood, stone, &c., metaphorically to write: *Naddu cerdd*, to write or compose poetry; *Naddu clyf*, to *hew*, *i.e.*, to write, a memorial or record.

"The above specimens or instances, are only a few out of a much greater number, which might easily be collected from the writings of our ancient Bards. So numerous are such instances, that a person not well aware of the metaphorical senses in which such expressions are used, would be tempted to suppose, that no other method of using letters was known to our ancient Bards, and other authors, but that of inscribing or cutting upon wood; for the instances are but few, comparatively speaking, wherein we find writing with ink, and on paper and parchment, mentioned.

"*Llywelyn Sion*, (Leoline Jones,) who, about the year 1560, wrote a copious treatise on the Bardic Institutes, the principles of poetry, laws of versification, and the ancient method of using letters amongst us in former ages, says, that some old Bards, under whose tuition he had been instructed in the Bardic literature, told him, that when they were young, the *Bard's Staff-Book* was very generally used for memorials, accounts, pedigrees, poems, &c., paper and parchment were then not only very dear, but could not be easily procured at any price. Staff Books were much less expensive than those of paper or parchment, and some were extremely dexterous in inscribing with their knives upon the billets of the Staff Book. They could do it more promptly than many could write with ink on paper. Many, however, he says, wrote with ink on the billets, in the same manner as they would have done on paper, &c. He knew some old Bards, and other persons, he says, who prepared, or manufactured, the skins of their own calves and sheep into good parchment. Those whose trade it was to make winnowing sieves, baskets, &c., made Staff Books also for sale, and they were numerous bought by the public. The Bards, however, were themselves obliged to make their own Staff Books, Rolls, &c., and without producing such of their own making, could not have been admitted to the higher Bardic degrees. This custom, or Bardic law, is to this day observed with the utmost scrupulosity.

* Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary, was a carpenter!—Ed. L. G.

"There are good reasons for thinking, that the ancient Anglo-Saxons, and of later periods, their English descendants, practised a similar method of inscribing upon wood. It was certainly practised by the old Danes, and other neighbouring nations of the northern parts of Europe, who cut or inscribed their Runic characters on *staves* or *billets* of wood.

"*Olaus Wormius*, in his *Literatura Runica* (Hafnia typis, &c. Ann. 1636) *caput primum* pp. 6 and 7, gives the following account of the Runic books of the ancient Danes, and of their manner of using letters.

"*Modernam quietiam literarum appellationem, qua eas Bogstave vocamus, ex eodem agriculture fonte dimanasse apparet. Bog, etenim Fagum, star, scipionem, seu baculum oblongum, notat. And a Latin poet of the 6th century, Venantius Fortunatus, Lib. viii., Epigram. xviii., has the following distich:—*

*"Barbara fraxine pingatur Runa tabellis,
Quodq; papyrus agit virgula plana valet."*

"*Dr. Percy*, in his translation of *Mallet's Northern Antiquities*, gives in his own note on p. 373, (Edit. Lond. 1770.) this distich of Fortunatus, with the following English translation:—

"The Barbarians engraved their Runic characters on ashen tablets which serve them instead of paper."

"I think the following gives the meaning of the second line, or verse, something more clearly.

"The Barbarians engrave (or inscribe) their Runic letters on ashen tablets, and for that purpose for which paper is used, the flattened sides of a little rod serve."

"*Dr. Percy* had probably never seen or heard of the *Bardic staff*, and possibly had never read *Olaus Wormius*, for which reason he knew not very well what *Virgula plana* meant. Fortunatus describes two methods of using letters; one of which was to engrave or write (paint) on tablets, or thin boards, of ash; the other on the flattened or planed sides of a small rod, like the *Bardic staff*. *Dr. Percy* understands the whole as only pleonastically describing the first method, that of ashen tablets.

"*Scaef*, or *Scaefa*, in our old Saxon writers, signifies a letter, as well as a staff.

"*Book* is derived from the Danish *Bog*, or *Boc*, a beechen staff, on which the Runic letters were cut, or inscribed.

"*Billet*, a piece of wood—metaphorically, a little note, card, or letter; because originally inscribed on a billet of wood.

"*Stave* (or *Staff*) still used by our psalmodists and parish clerks, for a stanza of a psalm or hymn.

"*Cut*: to cut letters with a pen, a pencil, chalk, &c.; to cut his name, &c., very common expressions still used by the common people, for to write his name, &c.; because letters were originally cut in wood, with a knife, or some other edge-tool.

"*He writes a good stick*—*i. e.*, he writes a good hand, or he writes well; from the ancient usage of writing or inscribing on a stick.

"*Come, tip us a stick!* a boon-companion expression, often used in London, for *Come, give us a song!* from songs having been formerly written, or engraved, on sticks.

"*Wright* is, in Scotland and the north of England, the same as *Carpenter*, a worker in wood; hence the terms *Mill-wright*, *Ship-wright*, *Cart-wright*, *Play-wright*. It was formerly an act of carpentry to inscribe or cut letters on wood, and it is very possible that our modern term *write* is thus derived; to *wright*—*i. e.*, to *carpenter* a book.

"In the manors of *Woolhampton* in Berkshire, and of *Pamber* in Hampshire, the lord of the manor (or his steward) always gives receipts for rents, fines, heriots, and other manorial dues, on *billets of wood*, on which the letters are cut, (enquire further.) This was told me by the stewards of these lordships, or manors, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn,—Richards, Esq., about twenty-six years ago.

"The Receipts, or *Tallies*, as they are called, of

the Exchequer, for all monies paid into it, and the memorials of all sums paid out of it, are notched or cut, and sometimes written with ink, on wood, or *billets*. I have seen one or two of those tallies, some of the characters were cut or notched with a knife, and some written with ink, (enquire further.)

"We have no right to suppose that our Saxon and old English ancestors were such fools, as to make use of all the words and phrases above instanced, for no good reasons. The reasons they had for using such expressions are, indeed, now unknown in general—not visible, perhaps, to one in a million—yet I believe that they are reasonable. Whence could such expressions be derived, but from an ancient practice of inscribing or cutting letters upon wood?"

So much for the "Bard's Billet-Books;" and we now conclude with the little particulars promised above:—

"The Welsh Bards always meet in the open air, whilst the sun is above the horizon, where they form a circle of stones, according to the ancient custom: this circle they call *Cytleh Cyngwair*, the *Circle of Concord*, or of *Confederation*. In these days, however, it is formed only of a few very small stones or pebbles, such as may be carried to the spot in one man's pocket; but this would not have been deemed sufficient by those who formed the stupendous *Bardic Circle of Stonehenge*."

Our notice of porcelain manufactories in our No. of Sept. 21, might have been accompanied by what Williams mentions in one of his tours:—

"Before I leave this town, I will endeavour to see the porcelain manufactory of *Nantgarw*, in the parish of Eglwysilan, supposed to be the finest in Europe, and superior to the French. I have seen some articles of it, white as snow, and but little less transparent than fine glass. It was erected about two years ago, and it is but lately that the proprietors have had any quantities in readiness for sale."

"This manufactory (Mr. Waring adds) was conducted by the ingenious Mr. W. W. Young, mentioned in the body of this work; and it is to be lamented that the proprietors did not find their interest compatible with its continuance; for the beauty of the ware was unequalled, and many of the articles manufactured were of great elegance. I value highly a specimen given me by Mr. Young, painted by his own tasteful hand."

We cordially recommend this anecdotic and various volume to philologists and archaeologists, as well as to readers for general information and amusement.

THE SWEET AND BEAUTIFUL.

The Ministry of the Beautiful. By H. J. Slack, F.G.S. Bentley.

A LITTLE tinged with the Germanic tone, there is yet a healthy love of Nature and Nature's inexhaustible beauties in this neat volume, which consists of fourteen Conversations on different interesting topics, but all resolving into that taste and grace which the feeling we have noticed is sure to inspire:—

"Every faculty of the human mind (observes the author) has its own laws of belief, and truth can be presented to our sympathies as well as to our reason, and when viewed under such an aspect it is *felt* rather than *known*, and is not in a proper state for discussion. When truths are thus objects of feeling, their beauty becomes apparent, and the 'Ministry of the Beautiful,' as endeavoured to be set forth in the following pages, consists chiefly in its omnipresent power of stimulating the fancy and the heart to join the intellect in adoration of the good and true."

How this is done, a very few touches may serve to show, and we select them with pleasure as fair specimens of a production which we have found both gratifying and instructive. The fourth Conversation commences thus:—

"*Lynph.* How times and seasons are in concert! Spring is suggestive of morning, summer of noon, autumn of evening, and winter of night."

"*Edith.* I like each best in turn. A little while ago I had a hearty welcome for Old Winter, when he came holding his icy fingers over the world, impressing all vegetation with mesmeric sleep; and now my own soul seems budding and bursting into new life with every opening flower. It seems to wake with the busy bustling breeze, now here, now there, with the clear warm sunlight and the changing clouds."

"*L.* You are almost an elemental spirit."

"*E.* I love them all."

"*L.* And in loving all, you are all."

"*E.* Is it not in the words of an old poet, 'the bridal of earth and sky?'"

"*L.* It is more, for it is a triple union in which the ocean joins. With what responsive lustre his broad face gleams, purple, green, and blue, dark lines of shade, regions of mist and brilliant light! Sometimes the air makes the near things distant or invisible, and brings close remote objects."

"*E.* Even now, parts of the distant coast are so brightly lit, that buildings can be discerned, while the capricious clouds make the rest invisible. And then across the unbounded ocean, through what hands of sunshine, shadow, and varied colour the eye can reach. The craggy cliffs gleam with golden furze and bright green, in which thousands of wild flowers are hastening to unfold their leaves, the rocky pools in sympathetic impulse glow with purple, green, and brown, as the ocean plants obey the call of spring."

"(*Edith sings.*)"

We omit the song, and pass to another brief example:—

"*Edith.* The impressions which simple natural objects make upon us in early childhood, often strike some deep chord, which makes the key-note of life. A flower; a bright insect; the sparkling brilliancy of the stars on a frosty night; the crescent moon, climbing slowly over the tree tops, or pouring an interrupted light through forest leaves, the mysterious splendour of the glow-worm on a mossy bank,—such sights in the silence and repose of evening in the country often give the first and deepest hue of poetry to young hearts and minds."

"*Lynph.* And harmonize well with tales of fairies and enchanted castles, which all children love."

"*E.* And grown people, too, at any rate the best of them, if they would tell the truth and feel proud as they ought, and not be ashamed, as they often are, of having preserved a little childhood in maturer years."

"*L.* Most wisely has Nature given to childhood a love of the wonderful and the beautiful; and of all pernicious cants, one of the worst is that, which, under pretence of loving truth, crams the memory and stimulates the intellect, when full play should be given to the fancy and the heart. See, here is a fairy ring 'whereof the ewe not bites'; happy the full-grown man, or woman either, who can people it with dancing elves, and think not of dissertations on fungi. There are folks who will scarce let a mother suckle her baby without acquainting both with the principles of hydraulics."

"*E.* But happily a strong reaction is taking place from all such absurdities. Information can be given at any time, but a fine tone of feeling must commence in very early life, or it will always be wanting."

"*L.* What a pity it is that these children grow up in a scene of so much beauty, with no perception of its existence!"

"*E.* It is not all minds that are naturally sus-

ceptible of such impressions, but I think all could be led to feel them."

"*L.* Yes, and that would be a most valuable part of education. Here are human hearts in the presence of Nature's objects, but they are severed as effectually from them as they are from the 'spicy gales of Araby the Blest,' and few there are who can bring home a freight of holy feeling, and land it in another's breast."

"*E.* Many hearts are so girt with rocks and perilous shoals, that shipwreck is often the lot of those who try to read them."

"*L.* But it is an enchanted coast, and there are thoughts and words of power to dissolve them into air."

"*E.* The beautiful has two epochs in human life; childhood when its seeds are most easily sown, and in after years when its neglected flowers raise their heads under the influence of ardent love."

"*L.* None can love well who are not worshippers of the beautiful."

And to prove how much we really like the company and musings of the writer, we copy one entire composition as our final sample of his agreeable pages:—

"The Fountain in the Wood."

"A little way apart from a great city was a fountain in a wood. The water gushed from a rock and ran in a little crystal stream to a mossy basin below; the wild flowers nodded their heads to catch its tiny spray; tall trees over-arched it, and through the interspaces of their moving leaves the sunlight came and danced with rainbow feet upon its sparkling surface."

"There was a young girl who managed every day to escape a little while from the turmoil of the city, and went like a pilgrim to the fountain in the wood. The water was sparkling, the moss and fern looked very lovely in the gentle moisture which the fountain cast upon them, and the trees waved their branches and rustled their green leaves in happy concert with the summer breeze. The girl loved the beauty of the scene and it grew upon her. Every day the fountain had a fresh tale to tell, and the whispering murmur of the leaves was ever new. By and by she came to know something of the language in which the fountain, the ferns, the mosses, and the trees held converse. She listened very patiently, full of wonder and of love. She heard them often regret that man would not learn their language, that they might tell him the beautiful things they had to say. At last the maiden ventured to tell them that she knew their tongue, and with what exquisite delight she heard them talk. The fountain flowed faster, more sunbeams danced on its waters, the leaves sang a new song, and the ferns and mosses grew greener before her eyes. They all told her what joy thrilled through them at her words. Human beings had passed them in abundance, they said, and as there was a tradition among the flowers that men once spoke, they hoped one day to hear them do so again. The maiden told them that all men spoke, at which they were astonished, but said that making articulate noises was not speaking, many such they had heard, but never till now real human speech; for that, they said, could come alone from the mind and heart. It was the voice of the body which men usually talked with, and that they did not understand, but only the voice of the soul, which was rare to hear. Then there was great joy through all the wood, and there went forth a report that at length a maiden was found whose soul could speak, and who knew the language of the flowers and the fountain. And the trees and the stream said one to another, 'Even so did our old prophets teach, and now hath it been fulfilled.' Then the maiden tried to tell her friends in the city what she heard at the fountain, but could explain very little, for, although they knew her words, they felt not her meaning. And certain young men came and begged her to take them to

the wood that they might hear the voices. So she took one after another, but nothing came of it, for to them the fountain and the trees were mute. Many thought the maiden mad and laughed at her belief, but they could not take the sweet voices away from her. Now the maidens wished her to take them also, and she did, but with little better success. A few thought they heard something, but knew not what, and on their return to the city its bustle obliterated the small remembrance they had carried away. At length a young man begged the maiden to give him a trial, and she did so. They went hand in hand to the fountain and he heard the language, although not so well as the maiden; but she helped him, and found that when both heard the words together they were more beautiful than ever. She let go his hand, and much of the beauty was gone: the fountain told them to join hands and lips also, and they did it. Then arose sweeter sounds than they had ever heard, and soft voices encompassed them saying, 'From henceforth be united; for the spirit of Truth and Beauty hath made you one.'

SUMMARY.

Elements of Catholic Philosophy; or, Theory of the Natural System of the Human Mind.

KAI 'H TOIAYTH APXH ANOPIHOE.

Longmans.

HQ. Nix., vi. 2. 5.

CONCEDING certain principles to Lavater, Camper, Gall, and Spurzheim, and holding that there has been abuse and erroneous philosophy in their development by themselves, and more by their followers,* the author sets us a new *Theory of the Natural System of the Human Mind*. His main argument is, that without a perfect knowledge of the entire compenony of mind, there can be no proper system for the education and good government of mankind; and that in past times, the mistakes in supposing this possible has arisen out of partial investigations of distinct faculties and modes of action. To be most intimately cognizant of parts and their operations leads to mistake; the whole Scheme of the mind must be understood before the truth can be ascertained and right courses adopted. Such, in few words, we gather to be the author's meaning; and we subjoin his consequent assertion that,—

"As regards the question of practical utility, it is not easy to estimate the importance of a correct delineation of the Natural System of the Human Mind. By acquaintance with its character alone, can the proper limits of Religion, of Ethics, and of Political or Social Science, the scope of the Intellectual and of the Artistic powers, and the nature of the Imagination, the Instincts, and the Will, be rightly defined."

How this is to be arrived at, there is a chart of the mind to direct us. But this said chart, p. 27, we cannot transfer to our page; nor Deville's bust either; nor the long chain of philosophical, logical, and religious reasoning with which the new theory is supported. We must therefore refer to the volume itself, and finish with a concise specimen of its many opinions:—

"Instinct has been very incorrectly defined as the reason of animals other than those of the human species. There can be as little doubt that some of the inferior animals possess a species of reason, as that man is endowed with the instincts that in infancy preserve his life, and in maturity continue his race. We trace in the brute creation the eidolon, or specifically lower exercise, of perhaps every human faculty. Instinct would appear to be the involuntary operation of certain mental faculties, producing action, such as comprehensive

* "It is (he says) matter of regret, that a department of inquiry which might claim to rank as the chief element of the science of universal physiognomy, has been placed in a false position by its professors, and, in its crude and jejune state, dignified by the proud title of 'The Science of Mind.'"

experience, consummate prudence, and accurate judgment would prescribe; rarely capable of cultivation, and transmissible to progeny, as if by hereditary memory.

"Genius is an eminent and heroic development of any of the instrumental faculties."

Collectanea Antiqua. By C. R. Smith. Vol. II. Part III. Smith.

MR. C. ROACH SMITH goes on like a true virtuoso with this labour of love, bringing before us and preserving relics of ancient times, which are either hidden or passing away from our knowledge. The various nature of the remains which illustrate the manners and customs of the different races from the mingling of which we trace our descent, render productions of this kind extremely interesting. The lessons from the abodes of the living and the sepulchres of the dead, are alike instructive of their habits and history. The cromlech, the bath, the tessellated pavement, the stone coffin, the urn, the buried ornament and weapon, the calcined bone, the worn tooth, the drinking vessel, the painting, the instruments or articles for domestic use, all "revisit the glimpses of the moon," not to make night hideous, but to make day wiser. The arts, the sciences, the religion, as well as the social condition of the people, be they British, Celtic, Gaulic, Roman, Saxon, Belgian, Danish, Norman, or other odds-and-ends mixture of our progenitors, are, by the congregation of discoveries belonging to long bygone centuries, and carefully labelled in regard to their localities, (for the latter is most necessary intelligence to enable us to form correct judgments,) the only data upon which we can test the accounts that have come down to us from the earliest authors. In this point of view every fragment is of value, and sometimes of the utmost importance. It is, therefore, a most serviceable public office that Mr. Smith is so diligently performing, under all the discouragements and difficulties which beset antiquarian pursuits in this country—discouragements and difficulties which we trust, however, are vanishing, albeit slowly, from our horizon. The example of such zealous explorers cannot be lost, and the activity which we see springing up and spreading everywhere throughout the land is a good sign for the future, not to be altogether thwarted, although impeded by injurious pretensions and worthless squabbles. The holding out upon personal motives where the great interests of science are concerned is perfectly disgraceful, whoever may be the offenders; and in our opinion it would be a most proper measure in the lovers of Archaeology to throw off all allegiance, and as a general body form a new and independent compact, as An United Archaeological System, devoted to the common cause, free from paltry jealousies, and denouncing all distractions of apparently irreconcilable and odious enmities.

The present Part of the *Collectanea* is rich in the exhibition of Roman Tessellated Pavements, besides concluding a popular paper on Pilgrims' Signs, and the descriptive letterpress, especially in the former case, shows the acuteness and experience of the author. The etchings, representing the symbols of the Eight days of the week, are particularly deserving of notice and praise.

A Treatise on Moral Evidence. By E. A. Smedley, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton. London: Bell.

To judge by the immense number of publications on philosophy and religion, we ought assuredly to reckon ours a very philosophical and religious age, and ourselves very intelligent philosophers and excellent Christians. Alas! that the superabundance of letterpress instruction and admonition should apparently produce so incommensurate an effect; and that there should still be so much of crass ignorance and rampant vice in the world! That darkness and iniquity should prevail; that common education should be neglected, or perverted to selfish purposes and ambitious aims; that the country should be law-ridden, instead of being governed by justice; that priestly conflicts should

usurp and distract the realm of truth; and, in short, that we should not be a morsel wiser or better, with all this teaching (if not the worse), than our forefathers were a hundred, two hundred, or three hundred years ago. Yet let us give due credit to those who endeavour to amend us; among whom we may fairly rank Mr. Smedley, the author of this volume.

His effort is to enforce the cultivation of the Moral Sense, which he asserts to proceed from an inherent foundation in Nature, which implies a perception of right and wrong, and a consequent responsibility for actions that spring from the recognition or rejection of this principle. This of course leads to the great question of the basis in original sin, and other theological arguments, which we must leave to be read in the work itself. Suffice it for us to say, that it is written in a temperate tone and the opposite of a controversial spirit.

A Manual of Qualitative Analysis. By Robert Galloway, F.C.S. Churchill.

A GOOD manual for the chemical student in his first efforts at analysis has long been required. Not that there are no books by which the tyro may be guided; on the contrary, they are numerous; but, for the most part, their authors have forgotten that those who begin to learn a science are necessarily ignorant of its first principles. Consequently, simple matters, to them familiar as 'household words,' have been thought too slightly important, and they have been omitted. The result has been, that the young student is continually obstructed by some trifle in his way. The author of this little treatise has wisely begun with the alphabet of his science; and his explanations of terms, and his illustrations of simple phenomena, are very happily given. We cordially recommend this manual to every person desirous of making himself acquainted with the powers of chemistry, and although the determination of the quantity of any matters in combination will demand studies of a more advanced kind, yet a very fair amount of knowledge may be obtained from this manual, by those who desire only to examine into the qualities of a compound.

Godolphin. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Chapman and Hall.

WE have only to notice this fine and striking creation of the author's genius, in order to note that it is now the first time he has put his name to and acknowledged it. He tried the anonymous experiment, on which we remarked in our review of *Death's Jest-Book* last week; and found the public voice true to his merits, whether *incognito* or undisguised. Such talents and powers cannot indeed fail to attract admiration, no matter under what mask they may choose to appear. There is a kindly and graceful dedication to Count D'Orsay, one of the first to confess the beauties and encourage the early struggles of the then unconfessed *Godolphin*.

Handbook to Harrow-on-the-Hill, &c. By Thomas Smith, author of "The Topographical Account of St. Mary-le-bone. Wright. Harrow: Crossley.

THIS is a nice guide, and very complete description of the interesting parish of Harrow—of the visible church on the hill—of the important grammar school founded by John Lyon, *yeoman*, in 1571—of the distinguished characters it has sent into the busy world—and of all the particulars which can interest visitors to the pleasing scenery in this neighbourhood, including the rich pastures of Perivale.

The Ladder of Gold. An English Story. By Robert Bell. 3 vols. Bentley.

WE have only time, this week, to notice the issue of this work, which has for a season been the leading feature in Bentley's Miscellany. The public will now enjoy the better opportunity of reading without interruption the English Story which Mr. Bell has told with the spirit and ability which are so well known to distinguish all his writings.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

By the return of the whalers from the Arctic Seas, the following addition is made to the late intelligence from that quarter:—"Nothing was seen of the ships composing the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin since the dates mentioned in Commander Forsyth's despatch; but it is the opinion of those in these whalers, who are able, from long experience in the Arctic regions, to judge, that the breaking up of the ice and clearance of Lancaster Sound would open a passage round Cape Reilly, where the remains of Sir John Franklin's encampment were found, and up Wellington Channel. If so, then it may be concluded that this channel will be well explored, whatever may be the result."

NEW ZEALAND BIRDS.

Notornis, or *Porphyrio Mantelli*, of New Zealand.—Dr. Mantell has just received from his son, Mr. Walter Mantell, a beautiful specimen of the large Purple Rail, called *Hoko* by the natives, and which was supposed to be extinct, the skulls and bones having been found fossil with those of the Moa. This bird was caught in Resolution Island, on the north-west coast of the Middle Island of New Zealand, and is the only one hitherto known. Even the natives had not seen one till the present individual was caught. Dr. Mantell has placed this *rara avis* in the hands of Mr. Gould, to figure and describe in the supplement to the Birds of Australia. Of the other rare and highly interesting recent and fossil specimens just received from Mr. Walter Mantell, an account will shortly be given by Dr. Mantell.

On the Variations with Season of the Difference of the Mean Pressure of the Atmosphere at Greenwich and Makerstoun. By J. A. Broun. (British Association, Section A.)

THE barometers employed in the Greenwich and Makerstoun observatories are by the same maker, of the same size and construction, and of the best kind: observations have been made with these barometers simultaneously for eight years, and they have been reduced to the same zeros. The following are results of the comparisons of these observations:—

The mean pressure of the atmosphere reduced to the level of the sea by the

	Greenwich	Makerstoun	Inches. observations for the eight years 1842–9	Inches. 29.944 29.846

When reduced to the level of the sea, the mean pressure of the atmosphere is nearly one tenth of an inch of mercury greater at Greenwich than at Makerstoun.

When we compare the means for the several years, we find that the excess at Greenwich is not constant. The excesses for each year are:—

1842	1843	1844	1845	1846	1847	1848	1849
In.	In.	In.	In.	In.	In.	In.	In.
0.119	0.096	0.070	0.096	0.102	0.116	0.104	0.079

The excess varies as much as half its mean value, and appears on the whole greatest in the hottest years.

It is in the comparison of the monthly means, however, that we find the most curious result. The annual law of the atmospheric pressure at Greenwich consists of a maximum from May to September, a principal minimum in October, a principal maximum in December, and a secondary minimum in April. The annual law at Makerstoun is somewhat similar; a minimum, however, occurs between May and September, and the maximum in the latter month is the principal maximum for the year; the minimum in the beginning of the year occurs also in January and February, instead of April. The laws for the two places will be best followed in the table:—

Month.	Mean barometer at the level of the sea 1842–9.		Difference.
	Greenwich.	Makerstoun.	
January	In. 29.953	In. 29.786	0.167
February	29.921	29.788	0.133
March	29.923	29.826	0.097
April	29.881	29.850	0.031
May	29.965	29.951	0.014
June	29.966	29.879	0.087
July	29.979	29.865	0.114
August	29.960	29.863	0.097
September	30.005	29.970	0.035
October	29.870	29.758	0.112
November	29.905	29.765	0.140
December	30.038	29.892	0.146

When we examine the difference of the mean pressures for each month, as obtained from the eight years' observations, we find that it obeys a remarkable law. It is a principal maximum in January, and a maximum again in July; it is a minimum in May, and again in September. Or, it is a maximum both in the coldest and in the hottest months, and it is a minimum about a month after the vernal equinox and at the autumnal equinox.

The positions of the two places are very similar; nearly on the same meridian, and nearly equidistant from the eastern coast of the island. Makerstoun is 4° 6' north of Greenwich. Greenwich is nearer the continent, and its mean temperature is somewhat affected by this greater proximity; the mean temperature at Greenwich is only two degrees Fahr. higher than that of Makerstoun in winter, while it is five degrees higher in summer.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE NINEVITE SCULPTURES.

By the last accounts from Mr. Layard (September 2nd), we learn that he had returned to Mossul with all his staff; but the fever he mentioned in a preceding notice had much prostrated his strength, and the Doctor and Artist, owing to similar attacks, had been obliged to leave. Yet he continues his incessant labours (now thrown so entirely on his own shoulders) for hours together, and what between his energetic zeal and plenty of quinine, keeps the enemy in some degree of check. We understand that the trustees of the British Museum are sending out another draughtsman. Most of the sculptures sent over previously by Mr. Layard have been exhibited to the public at the British Museum for some time; those which have lately arrived, including the colossal bull and lion, with human heads, however, are now to be seen in the entrance hall of the Museum, where they are temporarily placed:—the bull and lion are wonderfully perfect, and in many respects exhibit remarkable spirit and skill in the form and attitude. All the sculptures are in alto relievo, and appear to us to be the most perfect examples of ancient art that have ever been recovered—that is, so far as preservation is concerned. Most invaluable to archaeologists are the fine arrow-head inscriptions with which almost every figure is more or less inscribed—these are quite perfect, as from the chisel, and highly interesting. Most of the figures are equally uninjured; two are of immense size.

DISCOVERY OF A LOST MANUSCRIPT CHRONICLE OF JEAN LE BEL.*

THE celebrated chronicle of Jean le Bel, mentioned by Froissart at the commencement of his first book, so long sought after, and supposed to be irretrievably lost, has recently been discovered by M. Polain, Keeper of the Archives at Liège, amongst other MSS. in the Royal Library, or Bibliothèque de Bourgogne, at Brussels. This valuable work is on the eve of publication, and will be comprised in an 8vo. volume, printed in black letter, the impression to be limited to 100 copies.

* Author of the earlier chapters of Froissart.

Jean le Bel was born at Liège in the second half of the thirteenth century. Neither the date of his birth nor of his death is precisely known. But Jacques de Hemricourt, his contemporary and friend, informs us in his *Mémoires des Nobles de Hesbaye*, that he died about 1370, at upwards of eighty years of age. His will, which was long preserved in the archives of Liège, bore the date of 1369. He was of noble lineage, a descendant of the house of D'Isle, one of the most ancient in the city of Liège. His father filled the honourable post of sheriff of the city in 1310; and one of the brothers, called Henry, entered the military profession, and accompanied (as did also our chronicler) Messire Jean de Hainaut, Seigneur de Beaumont, in the expedition undertaken by Edward III. against the Scots, at the beginning of his reign. All that we know of him, however, has been derived only from two sources—the writings of his contemporaries, Jacques de Hemricourt and Froissart.

Hemricourt describes Jean le Bel as a "puissant et magnifique seigneur, passionné pour tous les exercices chevaleresques, et possédant, en outre, quelque talent dans la science du gai savoir." But he does not mention the chronicles he wrote. For this information we are indebted solely to Froissart: "Je me veux fonder et ordonner," says he, in the prologue to his first book, "sur les vraies chroniques, jadis faites et rassemblées par véralable homme et discret seigneur, monseigneur Jehan le Bel, chanoine de Saint-Lambert, à Liège, qui grand cure et toute bonne diligence mist en ceste matière, et la continua tout son vivant au plus justement qu'il put, et moult lui cousta à la quérir et à l'avoir."

From a comparison of the retrieved MS. with Froissart's chronicle, it appears that the latter strictly and honestly adhered to his plan of founding or grafting his continuation on the labours of his predecessor, for he has, in the first fifty chapters of his Chronicle, done little more than copy Jean le Bel; and the celebrated chronicler of Valenciennes was correct when, speaking of the Liège chronicle, he said, "Je n'y vuleux mettre ni ôter, oublier ni corrompre, ni abréger histoire en rien, par défaut de langage, mais la veuleux multiplier et accroître ce que je pourrai."

The discrepancies between the two texts are, indeed, scarcely perceptible before you come to the 80th chapter of Froissart's first book, but they increase when beyond the 98th chapter. Subsequently to this period (An. 1339-40,) he has fulfilled his promise of *augmenting and enlarging* his model-text. It is easy to perceive this in the graphic style he adopts in his own narrative. The great artist at once proclaims himself, and French prose composition is displayed in all its éclat and all its grandeur.

The MS. in question was found by M. Polain, transcribed and incorporated into a prose "*Chronicle de Liège*," by Jean des Prez, dit d'Outremeuse, another contemporary of Jean le Bel, born at Liège, in 1338, where he died about the year 1400. This transcript comprises a period between the years 1325 and 1340, which corresponds to 146 of the chapters of the first book of Froissart, consequently it contains only the first part of Jean le Bel's chronicle; and hitherto, unfortunately, the continuation has been looked for in vain. Nevertheless, it is a fragment of extreme importance, and a record of great value in consulting the history of the reigns of Edward the Third and Philippe de Valois. Froissart, it is evident, cannot be considered as a contemporary historian of the events recorded in his first book; "il estoit," as he says, "alors trop jeune de sens et d'age;" on the contrary, Jean le Bel was intimately mixed up with the greater portion of them, and was acquainted with them either from personal knowledge, or through the medium of those who had authentic sources of information; for instance, through Monseigneur Jean de Hainaut, to whom, when complete, he submitted his MS. La Courne de Sainte-Palaye was therefore correct when he

observed, that it would have been impossible for the chronicler of Valenciennes to have chosen a safer guide, or a safer guarantee for the facts he had to record.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

ASSOCIATION AND INSTITUTE.

Proposed Union of the Archaeological Association and Institute.—The Council of the Association has published an abstract account of the correspondence between the two Presidents, relative to the resolution passed at the Manchester Congress. The Bishop of Manchester in the chair. If the Institute, as it now appears, did not want a union, how came it, then, on such an occasion that such a resolution was proposed and carried? The parties concerned in doing this were not only not members of the Association, but one was an influential member of the Institute! It appears, however, that even before any official notice or communication could be made to the Institute on the part of the Association, that the Institute's central committee passed the resolution of September 9th, which placed union out of the question. The President did not know of this meeting until informed by Mr. Way that the thing was done. He himself thought there could be no meeting at that season, as most of the members were out of town; but it appears that those who were left considered themselves fully competent to settle the question, without the knowledge of their President, and without calling a special council meeting. This is a matter as vitally important to the Institute, or more so, than to the Association, and we think the names of those gentlemen who passed the resolution of September 9th should be published, and we hope the members of the Institute will attentively peruse the document to which we now call attention. It is believed that three out of the very few who composed this anti-union clique are totally unknown as antiquaries or as archaeologists, and yet they assume to themselves the right to speak the sentiments of the many learned and worthy persons who are in this section of the original Archaeological Association.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN COINS AT CAERWENT.

DURING the course of enlarging a saw-pit, between the junction of the Usk and Newport roads at Caerwent, upwards of four hundred of the base silver or billon coins of Gordian, Philip, Otacilia, and others, have been discovered. As usual, they have been dispersed in all directions amongst curiosity-hunters, and the chances of finding any numismatic rarity or novelty is therefore almost out of the question. The Rev. Mr. Steele has, however, succeeded in securing a few, which we are glad to hear he intends sending to the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Akerman, for proper examination.

BEDFORDSHIRE ARCHÆOLOGICAL, ETC. SOCIETY.

At the general meeting, Colonel W. B. Higgins in the chair, some Roman vessels and other antiquities were laid on the table, and a collection of coins belonging to Mr. C. Bithrey was exhibited.

The Rev. W. Airy called the attention of the meeting to a proposal which had been made for the union of five societies for the publication of their proceedings. It was suggested that an octavo volume should be published every year, the cost of the publication to be borne proportionately by the several societies.

This was carried *nem. con.*

A satisfactory report was read and adopted.

The Rev. B. E. Bridges then read a continuation of his excellent paper "On some Distinctive Features of Christian, as contrasted with Classical Art," the first part of which he read at a former meeting, and which was published in the *Bedford Times*, from which we have abridged this notice.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE elections of President and Keeper of the Royal Academy are now very near at hand, and we believe Sir R. Westmacott has adhered to his resolution to decline the honour of candidature which was pressed upon him by a majority of his brethren. Mr. Eastlake, therefore, as we stated, is the favourite for election, and sure of success; but the Secretaryship of the Fine Arts Commission still stands in the way, and some of the electors make a point of its being resigned in the event of his being chosen President, or, indeed, as a step to that choice. But, we presume, his election is sure.

As for the office of Keeper, if *really* vacated, we know that Maclise (an honour to the arts of his age and country) has been invited to accept that office, and we trust, disparaging none of his contemporaries, that he may be the man. Mulready and Leslie have been spoken of, but neither, we believe, desire the appointment, which would interfere with other avocations. Mr. Hart has also been named, and against an artist of his talents there could be no objection.

Referring to a review in this number, we would ask whether it might be advisable, as in most of our great national bodies, to elect the President R.A. (say) for three years, eligible for re-election or otherwise?

PORTRAIT OF VITTORIA COLONNA.

The portrait of Vittoria Colonna, attributed by Signor Campanari to Michel Angelo, an account of which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1729, has been submitted to the Academy of St. Luke, for the opinion of its professors, and, as is stated in the *Giornale di Roma* of the 2nd inst., they have unanimously pronounced in favour of its authenticity, as "the original work of Michel Angelo; every part indicating the powerful style of this greatest master, and his method of colouring; that some inferior parts were left imperfect by Buonarroti, and completed by some other artist of his school; that the picture was a work of the greatest merit in the art."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Wednesday.

"ALMANACKS" have always formed a very important branch of the publishing trade in France; and since the Revolution, it is the only one which has enjoyed anything like prosperity. It puts in movement, among authors, printers, paper-makers, binders, publishers, and booksellers, a capital amounting to several hundred thousand pounds annually; and the outlay which it necessitates for advertising forms no insignificant item in the ledgers of newspaper and periodical proprietors. It is really marvellous to see the host of these publications which, year after year, issue from the Parisian press. They are of all shapes, all sizes, all degrees of literary merit; contain all possible kinds of information, for all classes of the community; are printed on all sorts of paper, in all sorts of type; and are sold at all prices to suit every purse. In this country, moreover, almanacks have an importance which they possess in no other. The majority of them are political, or socialist, and are the most powerful means of proselytism which parties can employ: for they find their way into the garret of every workman, the hut of every peasant, and the house of every citizen; and, unlike the newspaper, which is forgotten as soon as read, — or the book, which reaches comparatively few — they get into the hands of every one, old and young, male and female, and are read, and re-read, and pondered over, day after day, until their contents become firmly engraved on the mind, and their teaching finds its way to the heart. A vast portion of the population, indeed, especially in the agri-

cultural districts, have no other reading in the world, from year's end to year's end, than their almanack; and as they find it a faithful counsellor, as regards the times for sowing and planting, the operations of gardening and farming, the risings of the sun, and the changes of the moon, and all other things they have need to know, it is no wonder that they accept it as their "guide, philosopher, and friend" in political and social matters. Thus, popular and esteemed among the masses, the almanack has had no difficulty in enlisting in its service writers and *savans* and politicians of the very highest distinction, such as Arago, Quinet, Michelet, Hugo, Sue, Nettement, Louis Blanc, Dumas, Capefigue, Littré, Méry: in fact, it has taken from each political party its principal chiefs, and joined with them the *élite* of art, science, and literature.

The Republican and Socialist parties were the first to discover the immense importance of political almanacks, as a means of proselytising among the masses; and these parties have derived, and, I doubt not, are still deriving, more advantage therefrom than any other. Under Louis Philippe, they succeeded by the silent, yet indefatigable, labour of the almanack in weaning the masses from all affection for his dynasty, and even for the monarchy in any form; and they spread broadcast among them the Socialist ideas, as they are called, which have already brought down terrible disasters on France, and are destined to create yet many more. And these parties are still working in their vocation with perseverance worthy of a better cause. For one almanack of other parties, they have a dozen: where others are circulated by thousands, theirs go by millions: and, *entre nous*, their lists of contributors contain the most eminent names, and their publications display, on the whole, a decided superiority in talent.

These remarks have been drawn forth by the fact, that we are now in the very thick of the Almanack season. Almanacks come out when pheasants come in, and they are in all their glory from the middle of October to the middle of November. At this present moment booksellers' shops are literally crammed full of them, and publishers are dispatching them to all parts of the country by tons at a time. It is curious to see them mixed *pêle-mêle* in the shops:—here a fierce Red Republican one, there one advocating ultra-monarchy; this bearing the cap of liberty and the communist level, that stamped with the crown and the lilies; one yelling forth the maddest socialism, another howling the worst fanatic conservatism; here one of rank infidelity, by its side one brim full of religion; and then, ranged in rows or heaps, all kinds for all sorts of people—the "Philosopher's" and the "Cook's," the "Prophetic" and the "Retrospective," the "Terrible" and the "Comic," the "Astronomic" and the "Meteorologic," the "Tailor's," the "Sailor's," the "Nursemaid's," the "Child's," the "Young Lady's," the "Mother's," the "Father's," and the "Uncle's," the "Literary," the "Pictorial," the "Scientific," the "Theatrical," and the "Horticultural;" and a whole legion of others.

We have had this week at the Théâtre Français what the French call *une grande solennité*—a new five-act play by the admirable Scribe, and the *début* of a young lady named Madeleine Brohun in its principal character. Both attained on the first night immense success, and the public verdict in their favour has since been enthusiastically ratified. The play is founded on the captivity of Francis I. at Madrid, and introduces us to that brilliant hero (more deserving of esteem, however, for the noble protection he afforded to letters and arts) to the Emperor Charles V., and to the sister of Francis, *Marguerite*, afterwards Queen of Navarre. This *Marguerite*, it will be remembered, was tenderly attached to her brother, attempted to effect his escape from Madrid, bullied Charles into paying him the respect due to his rank, and was the principal actor in all the intrigues which were got up

for, against, or about the two sovereigns. The author has, of course, as Walter Scott used to say, dressed up historical facts in such a way as to fit them for company; he has also added sundry incidents of his own invention; but the result is the production of one of the most brilliant comedies that have been presented on the French stage for a long time past. The *débütante*, who is young, beautiful, modest, and charming as an angel, acted with exquisite taste and powerful effect; such talent, indeed, did she display, that she stepped at once into a foremost place on the French stage, and there is good reason to hope that she may become in comedy what Rachel is in tragedy. The piece is called *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*, but there is no particular reason why it should bear that title, as all that it has to do with the *Contes* is, (which your readers are aware are in the 'Decameron' style,) that *Marquerite* is made to attempt to smuggle an important state document to France in place of one of her *Contes*—a trick discovered by Charles, and which forms one of the principal incidents in the play. In addition to the *Contes*, her naughty Majesty wrote sundry comedies, farces, and (on the principle, probably, of having at least one halfpenny-worth of bread to a good deal of sack) sundry religious works.

In a recent sitting of the Académie des Beaux Arts, Mr. Raoul Rochette read a notice of the life and works of an artist of small celebrity, named Garnier, who died not very long ago. This worthy, it seems, began painting at a very early age, and painted almost every day of his life, till he was upwards of eighty. He spent an incredible time in doing a picture: one work representing the entrance of Napoleon and Marie Louise into the garden of the Tuileries for the first time after their marriage, actually took the old fellow *thirty-seven years!* Napoleon was dead, buried, and decayed years before the work was completed. Montesquieu spent twenty years over his "Esprit des Lois;" but there is a wide difference between twenty years and thirty seven—a wider still between one of the most majestic monuments of human genius and a dab of an insignificant passing event. Thirty-seven years—prodigious!

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Meyerbeer is, we are informed, at present engaged in composing the music for the choruses of the *Eumenides* of *Æschylus*, which is about to be represented at Berlin. He has undertaken the task at the special request of the King of Prussia, whose passion for the old Greek drama is well known. The great composer is taking vast pains with the work, in order to render it not unworthy of the mighty original.

International Copyright.—Mr. Halliwell has addressed a letter to the *Times*, complaining of an unauthorised republication in London of an edition of *Shakspeare*, with introductions and notes by himself, published with considerable success in New York. We have no doubt he can prevent this appropriation of his labour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

"Let the Deed show."

Such difference there is 'twixt Word and Deed
As lies between the shadow and the thing:
From each if equal good or evil spring,
'Tis in the one yet wrapt as in the seed,
But full-grown in the other. Oh! take heed
Of words which grow from thoughts to acts that bring
The soul to view, and round our being fling
The sweetness of a flower, or scent of weed.
By what is said, if wisely understood,
The heart's deep purposes we may divine;
Yet these oft waver between ill and good,
As shadows fall with faint or darker line;
Actions belong not to such changeful mood,
Nor from their settled form and hue decline.

Q.

LETTERS OF LAURA D'AUVERNE TO BERTHA.

LETTER SEVENTH.

SWEET to watch the fair Spring going, all her golden ringlets blowing,
To the maying—to the mowing—laughing, singing, on her way;
Sweet to list the streamlet welling, by some lonely cottage-dwelling,
And to find our bosom swelling with a gladness born of May!

If the spirit be not wholly lost to what is good and holy,
Wrapp'd in evil fancies solely, Spring can win us to rejoice;
If God made his creatures brothers, surely then the joy of others,
Pleasure, though it be another's, yet should be a welcome voice.

Oh, to watch with grateful feeling God through nature still appealing,
Still His agency revealing through the smallest flower that grows;
'Tis to make existence dearer—'tis to make the future clearer—
'Tis to bring God's presence nearer—when the heart thus grateful glows!

See, the air is full of brightness, and my bosom feels its lightness,
Lost the pressure, lost the tightness, which each morning saw increase;
For I've own'd my sin's commission, with a deep, devout contrition,
And I bow to God's decision—and await His time in peace.

Now, e'en *Winter*, stern and hoary, would come to me with a glory,
Telling me the self-same story—God is here, in white array;
And the boughs, bereft and broken, would convey the same blest token
God to future time hath spoken—and, again, shall we have May.

Quick are we to take objection—quick to find out imperfection—
Would to Heaven the heart's election of the *Good* as quick might be;
But the heart is late in turning—slow, reluctant, dull in learning
That, while Darkness we're discerning there is *Light we will not see*.

All the health that Life can send us—all that Fortune's self can lend us—
Fail to please us;—to offend us it takes little, space or speech!—
Surely there needs something righting, to avert this constant blighting
Of the spirit's free delighting in the joys *within its reach!*

Surely there is something needing? Nature lacks some little weeding,
Which permits us, thus unheeding, every blessing to pass by;
Yet, at every small vexation, every trifling innovation,
Quarrels with its adverse station, and doth nothing but deery.

See me, Bertha, half-reclining—garden flowers around me twining—
And the clear warm sunlight shining, as if gold was rife as rust;—
As if *that* for which men toil for, was not worth this constant coil for,
As if gold was but a *foil* for things no better than the dust.

Where the golden moss is creeping, where the mountain lambs are leaping,
There's a low white cottage peeping, with a green porch at the side,
Half-way down the woody dingle it stands beautiful and single,
Like a home just dropp'd from heaven, where the happy may reside.

And an Angel truly dwells there—one, who God's own precept tells there,
And her love all things excels there, that are lovely to the eye;
For she liveth but to gladden those Affliction comes to sadden,
And wherever there is sorrow her dear hand is ever nigh!

She has lent my soul reliance—she has given *Doubt* defiance,
Taught me man's and Heaven's alliance; taught me holier steps to trace;
Shown me hopes that Faith erected; joys, on which I'd ne'er reflected;
And my soul is less dejected gazing on her heavenly face!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE *Grand National Concerts* have, during the past week, proved incontestably that the promises held forth in the Prospectus are being fully and efficiently carried out. The programmes have exhibited not only a thorough knowledge of the wealth of the classic writers, but a perfect appreciation of the elegancies of the lighter composers. The varieties have been uniformly characterized by a just taste and a right feeling, and the successive appearances of new aspirants for public favour have imparted fresh novelty and increased interest to the performances. Two fresh appearances have occurred—Herr Labitsky, the renowned waltz-composer; and Miss Goddard, a young pianiste, of not only great promise, but of great performance. The dance-music of Labitsky has moved the feet of all the salutory devotees not only of Europe but of the whole civilized globe. He unites the various merits of Strauss and Lanner—possessing the grace and originality of the former, with the broad rhythm and peculiar beat of the latter. His ruling subjects are ever fresh and inspiring, and the orchestration is brilliant and full of colour. As a conductor, his skill is made manifest by his mastery of all the peculiar resources of the band, his indica-

tions of the most delicate *nuances* of the score, and the promptness and decision of his *baton*. There is in his music delicious tune to tickle the ear of the multitude, and science to satisfy the querulous judgment of the learned musician. We hope soon to hear some of those delightful *pot pourris* from popular operas, which have so greatly excited the fanaticism of his manifold worshippers in Germany. Miss Goddard, who made her *début* in public on Wednesday, is a pupil of Thalberg. She is very young, and exceedingly interesting in appearance. Her style is akin to that of her famous master, and her achievement of all and several of the difficulties of modern pianism is quite perfect. The tone produced is round and firm—her execution clear and distinct, and her facility of finger quite marvellous. The *coup d'essai* was Thalberg's new Fantaisie on *Airs from L'Elisir d'Amor*, the most difficult of all his works. Its execution was faultless—the contrary motions—the passages for the left hand—the arpeggios and staccato were executed with a grace and certainty, only second to that of Thalberg himself. The public was enthusiastic, and testified its rapture and astonishment by continuous salvoes of applause. The performance of *La Tarantelle*, in the second part of the programme, was very admirably delivered, and was spontaneously re-de-

manded, upon which the youthful pianiste played the famous "March of the Croat," which excited a similar *furor*. Her second appearance was on Friday, on which occasion she performed Prudent's Fantaisie on airs from *Lucia*, with remarkable effect, and repeated Thalberg's *Ellsair d'Amore*. Charles Hallé, in the interpretation of several of the classical pianoforte writers, has fully maintained his elevated status as one of the very greatest exponents of the highest school of musical art. Herr Molique whose fame as a composer and violinist is everywhere renowned, has performed his Fantaisie on English airs with deserved success. The arrangement is marked by grace, fancy, and deep musical skill; his tone is sweet and thrilling, his style of the best order, and his execution facile, certain, and utterly free of that pseudo-expression of passion, which has obtained amongst French violinists. The name of Herr Molique is a great *point d'appui*, and imparts an inherent value and consequence to the Grand National Concerts. Mendelssohn's Grand Symphonie in A minor, and his picturesque overture, "The Isles of Fingal," Beethoven's Grand Symphonie in F, the Adagio and first movement of the Ninth Concerto of Spohr, and other works of the same lofty character, magnificently rendered by the superb orchestra, sufficiently bear witness to the fulfilment of the promise to produce the greatest works of the great masters by the best exponents. Of Master Heinrich Werner, the boy pianist, a second hearing has satisfied us, that notwithstanding the possession of considerable cleverness, the public exhibition was unwise as it was cruel. Time and consistent study may and will do much—but time and study must do their work ere the wishes of his friends be consummated. Mlle. Angri is the vocal queen of these concerts—her rendering of the "Non più mesta," the "Brindisi," and Meyerbeer's "No, no, no!" secure rapturous encores;—Madame Biscaccianti is nightly increasing in popularity, and Mrs. Alexander Newton, of the Wednesday Concerts, finds numerous admirers amongst the promenaders. A very graceful set of Valses, original in subject, rhythmical in measure, and brilliantly instrumented, composed by Captain Carter, have been played with great and deserved applause. The great English tenor, Sims Reeves, appears for the first time this evening.

Mr. Hullah's Monthly Concerts of Ancient and Modern Music.—The present improving taste for music amongst the middle classes is owing in a great measure to the individual exertions of Mr. Hullah, whose activity has, for some years past, provided sacred works of the highest character at a comparatively low-priced admission. To the numerous persons whose peculiar dispositions lead them to prefer music of this nature to that of a secular character, the Sacred Harmonics have been most acceptable. We now perceive with pleasure that it is Mr. Hullah's intention to give a series of eight concerts, in the course of the eight months included by November, 1850, and June, 1851, at St. Martin's Hall, on the evening of the third Wednesday of each month. The works performed will not be of any one particular school, but will always be such as require an orchestra and chorus, consisting of Mr. Hullah's first upper school, numbering about four hundred voices; the orchestra includes some of our first musicians, and is likely to be one fully qualified to execute in a worthy manner the classical works which will be given. Several evenings of the series will be devoted each to the performance of an oratorio, while the remaining concerts will consist of miscellaneous selections, in which will be included one entire or connected work. The following are some of the entire works: Beethoven's Mass in C, and Choral Fantasia; Haydn's *Seven last Words*; Handel's *Messiah*, *Utrecht Jubilate*, and *Aria and Golatha*; Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, *Lauda Sion*, *95th Psalm*, *114th Psalm*, and *First Walpurgis Night*. Movements, or succession of movements, will be selected from Bach's Mass in B minor, and Motets; Carissimi's *Jephtha*; Handel's

Alexander Balus, Coronation Anthems, Chamber Duets, L'Allegro, Chandos Anthems, and *Semele*; Mozart's Motets, *Idomeneo* and *Zauberflöte*; Mendelssohn's Posthumous Psalm for an eight part chorus, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Convent Motets*; Purcell's *King Arthur*, and *Dido and Aeneas*; and Weber's *Oberon*. It will be seen, from the perusal of the above selection of classical music, that the discrimination of Mr. Hullah has not been dormant. The new works are—a Cantata by Mr. Sterndale Bennett; four compositions by Charles Gounod; a Motet of Sir Frederick Ouseley; and a composition by Mr. Macfarren. We anticipate much benefit to the singing classes from this introduction of miscellaneous compositions. It is a pleasing reflection that the spirit of times gone by—of the Elizabethan age, when each right merry gentleman could take his part in the madrigal after dinner—may again awaken in our invention-teeming, soul-stirring age. We welcome the establishment of these concerts as a precursor of good to our national musical taste.

THE theatres during the week have presented the usual lull which obtains after the feverish anxiety and bustle attendant on their opening. Some very slight movement has been discernible at the Haymarket and the Princess's. At the former was produced, on Wednesday, what is stated in the bills to be an 'entirely new' comic drama, called *The Husband of my Heart*. This was a bold announcement, as a piece called *The Pride of the Market*, identical with the 'entirely new comic drama,' was acted at the Lyceum a few seasons since, adapted by Mr. Planché. The worthlessness of the piece, in both instances, is proved by its comparative failure at both houses. The bad policy of the management in thus presenting an old piece as a new one is sufficiently clear, and argues either a want of the necessary knowledge of 'past events,' or the wilful publication of a mistake. In the version submitted at the Haymarket, the dialogue lacks refinement of thought and elegance of diction; the comic portions are not only coarse and clumsy, but are the mere scrapings from old farces and antiquated jest-books. Planché's piece, though weak, was nevertheless distinguished by neatness of dialogue and brilliancy of style. The aristocratic *roués* delivered themselves as courtiers and as gentlemen, and the simplicity of the market-people was not vulgarized, nor stamped with the Adelphi mint-mark. Our feelings are strongly with the management of the Haymarket—we wish it well, and hope its entire success. Its efforts in the good cause have been zealous, and worthy all commendation; but in the present state of sharp rivalry it should be doubly careful to exclude dramas which neither in plot, construction, nor language, possess the most distant claim for presentation on these boards. Assuredly from amongst the extended unacted repertory of the theatre some dozens of dramas might have been selected, possessing higher literary merits and superior novelty of subject. *The Husband of my Heart* is robbed of all interest by its ruling incident. There is nothing real about it; it is false in system, improbable in action, and threadbare in incident. Its extravagance is unredeemed by humour, and the personages are mere stage conventionalities. It affords no scope for natural acting, for the characters are built up of impossibilities, and are the mere puppets of the stage. They have done duty in some scores of Spanish plays, and have been used up by the French Vaudevillistes of the Boulevards. The Haymarket has a high position to maintain, and a long list of worthy successes to boast of, and therefore great precaution should be used not to endanger or damage its past renown. We are aware that good original productions are difficult to procure, but surely in their absence the adaptations of foreign pieces should at least be signalized by careful selections and literary capability. Slipshod vulgarity and senseless rhodomontade

should be utterly banished from its precincts. We do not object to variety of production or class of subjects, so they be characterized by moral qualifications and literary elegance. But the facile admission to all that—

Tenet insanabile mutes
Scribendi cacoethes,

must be stringently avoided, or the result will be the continuous inflictions of such rapid dullnesses as *The Husband of my Heart*. Dryden has bequeathed to us the just rule for translation. "Translation," he says, "is not so loose as paraphrase, nor so close as metaphrase." Would that our translators and adapters would adhere to the principle enunciated by honest John. The plot may be rehearsed in a few words.—The Duke de Fronsac has, by the command of the King, been forced to marry a lady contrary to his will, and to increase the force of the punishment, the bride is so closely veiled that the husband can form no idea of her features nor her age. The Duke, after the ceremony is performed, leaves the new-made Duchess, and determines to see her no more. The lady, conscious of her charms, is bent upon bringing her errant lord to her feet. The Duke, to amuse his lighter hours, seeks the society of all the pretty girls in Paris, and the Duchess, aware of his gallantries, assumes the dress of a market-girl, and fascinates by her manners and her beauty the heart of her liege lord. A certain Viscount de Belletulippe, aware of existing matters, seeks to make a conquest of the Duchess, but his advances are met with contempt. The Duke gains the consent of the pretty market-girl to visit his country house, but the assignment being overheard by the Viscount, he determines upon substituting a *poissarde*—Anglicé, a fish-fag, in her place. Thus they are both taken to the villa of Belletulippe. The Duchess partially assumes her original manner and costume, and achieves a triumph over the Duke, when a command is conveyed to him from the King to present himself at court, to answer for his desertion of the Duchess. By the intercession of his wife he receives the monarch's pardon, and felicitates himself upon the possession of the woman he had previously abandoned. There is a comic underplot, in which figures Brichoe, a pastry-cook, the *prétendu* of Eugénie, who eats the supper provided for the ladies, and gets drunk upon the accompanying champagne. The piece was agreeably acted by Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Howe, Mr. Selby (the adapter of the drama), and Mr. Buckstone. There was considerable applause, and at the conclusion a call was made for the performers.

On Thursday, an adaptation from a French vaudeville, which was frequently acted during the last season at the St. James's theatre, called *Mérovée, ou Brune et Blonde*, was acted for the first time under the title of *My friend in the Straps*. The man in the straps is an Irishman, Mr. O'Blaney, who has made love to a single lady, Miss Caroline, at Boulogne, and to Mrs. Capsicum. His friend Frederick is betrothed to the young lady, and it is for the purpose of completing the marriage that he is accompanied by O'Blaney to the house of her father, Mr. Nupkins. Here, to serve Frederick's views, he assumes the character of his tiger, and commits all sorts of absurdities. While waiting at table he discovers and is discovered by the ladies, and an excellent scene grows out of the various dilemmas. The young lady remains true to her Irish lover who had won her heart at Boulogne, and all parties are ultimately satisfied with the *dénouement*. The chief merit of the farce depends upon its practical fun, and the exceeding breadth of the acting. Mr. Hudson played with unflinching spirit, and Mr. James Bland, as a Major Capsicum, a very excitable gentleman, with elaborate whiskers, contributed greatly to the success of *The Man in the Straps*.

Mr. Macready's valedictory engagement commences on Monday. *Macbeth* has been selected for the occasion. He will be supported by Mrs. Warner as Lady Macbeth, and Mr. Davenport, the

American actor, will make his first appearance at the Haymarket in the part of *Macduff*. During the week will be presented *The Merchant of Venice* and *King Lear*.

Princess's Theatre.—The novelty at the Princess's has been a one-act absurdity, *Sent to the Tower*. Two persons, represented by Keeley and Harley, pretenders to the hand of a young lady, are secured in a country mansion, the property of a favoured rival. This place they believe to be the Tower of London. A certain amount of bickering relative to their several claims forms the staple of the piece. At length they are released from their durance, and the 'folly ceases.' The French piece, *La Bastille*, from which it is derived, has some probability, but this is utterly destroyed in the English version. Some of the situations are sufficiently odd, but the air of untruth which surrounds the whole affair marred its success. The applause was anything but vehement at the fall of the curtain.

Strand Theatre.—On Wednesday last a three-act drama, entitled *Born with a Cud*, founded on the "Adventures of David Copperfield," was produced at this establishment. Such a perversion of a praiseworthy, powerful book—such a carelessness of author, actor, and stage-manager—so many incongruities and absurdities crowded into one piece, it has seldom been our lot to witness. The indecent jests which take the place of Mr. Dickens's poetical dialogue, where the author has been unable to make use of it, render the drama unfit for the ears of the educated. We regret to say the piece was successful, the audience being much pleased with the extravagant practical fun introduced.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE FRENCH PERIODICAL PRESS.

The famous ordonnances seem to be mere storms in a wash-hand basin, when compared with the tempest gathering out of the new law for regulating the press—

"Deepening, enlarging, mingling peal on peal,
Crushed horrible, convulsing"

Paris and France. Without saying anything about the graver points, we have certainly had our ideas tickled by attempting to 'realize' the funny device for having every article published subscribed by an individual—actual, producible, living being. It is so droll an idea, and all the consequences must be so droll, that nobody could imagine their figure and variety. Only think of our newspapers and other periodicals under similar circumstances! A thundering leader in the *Times*, signed Metternich. A damaging article in the *Chronicle* against the Ministry, under the signature of the late Sir R. Peel's Private Secretary. An encomium on the bravery of Barclay and Perkins' draymen, signed Klapka, and the *Daily News* glorying still more in the exploit from the pen of Ledru Rollin. The *Post* warmly defending Lord Palmerston, by —. The *Standard* reviling Haynau, by a partizan of Kossuth. The *Globe* assailing Lord Brougham, by a mistake, whose parentage was subscribed; and the *Sun* and other journals playing cross purposes and hide-and-seek with equal notoriety.

Then another entertaining 'dodge' would be, to put names to articles in earnest or in joke, and defy their owners to prove them forgeries. All the courts in Britain could not determine these questions.

Then would come the mixed compositions, the real *We's*; some of them dotted with names as thick as commas, semicolons, and periods.

But the grand sport of all would be, to remark the difficulties of the thieves and plagiarists who live on other folks' brains, and pass their stolen goods off as their own honest productions and property. The signatures of the real authors, instead of the pirates, to these thefts, would be as good as a detective police force,

VARIETIES.

LIKE SCARBOROUGH CLOCKS, RATHER TOO FORWARD.
(Yorkshire Proverb.)

Scarborough Clocks are, or, at least, used to be in olden time, celebrated for being always *too fast*. There is a pretty little tale told of a *Yorkshire lass*, who, being fairly tired out with her sweetheart's never putting the necessary question, at last plumply and plainly made the venture herself, and asked him whether or not it was his intention to marry her: when, *Yorkshire-like*, he coolly replied, "I think, my dear, you're like the *Scarborough clocks*, you're rather too forward!"

The Rev. Dr. G. Thackeray, Provost of King's College, a man of great classical attainments, and highly esteemed, has been gathered to his fathers, at the ripe age of seventy-three.

St. Luke's Hospital.—On the anniversary of St. Luke, the 18th inst., sixty or seventy of the patients were entertained with a *soirée*, singing and dancing. In the ball, officers of the establishment, nurses, and attendants mingled, and the whole went off with perfect decorum. How gratifying the result of mild treatment in cases of insanity, instead of the brutal practices of former years! To witness St. Cecilia and St. Vitus enjoyed by the inmates of St. Luke's, is indeed a Saint worship delightful to behold—a progress indeed of our own times.

Sale of Firearms.—As at the period of the Marr and Williamson murders, the spreading alarm of atrocious burglaries throughout the country is proving a source of profitable business to the vendors of guns and pistols. They have at present so glorious a free trade, that a punster remarked their whole stock would go off. But what defence is there against the root and nourisher of the evil—the wealthy receiver, who deals honourably with the plunderers, though he knows so little of English grammar as to be ignorant of the sign? and yet moves in so respectable a circle of citizen life that he might successfully put up for sheriff or alderman. Such men have the blood of Hollest and other victims more on their heads than the doers of the murders.

Signs of Burglarious Times.—One of the extremely sensitive indications of the readiness with which every thing is now a-days turned to money-making, has amused us in the advertisements of country residences and suburban villas 'not detached,' which detachment has hitherto been their strongest recommendation to tenants.

Electric Telegraph.—A company has been formed at Paris for establishing electric communications throughout that city; and workmen are now employed in trying an experiment between the Bastille and Madelaine.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Analysis and Summary of Thucydides, 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Arnold's Arithmetic, Part 1, second edition, 12mo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Blessings of the Lord's Second Advent, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Butler's Modern Atlas, new edition, 8vo, half-bound, 12s.
Cinq Auteurs Contemporains; ou, extraits des ouvrages de La Martine, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
Clarke's (Dr. A.) Commentary on the Old and New Testament, 6 vols., 8vo, cloth, Vol. 1, 10s. 6d.
Collection of Poetry for Practice of Elocution, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Comic Annual for 1851, Edited by Mayhew, 12mo, cl., 2s. 6d.
Dixon's Life of John Howard, third edition, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Elliott's (J.) Course of Practical Mathematics, Part 1, "Algebra," 12mo, cloth, 2s.
Francatelli's Modern Cook, sixth edition, 8vo, cloth, 15s.
Goethe's Iphigenia and Tauris, Notes by De Behr, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
Hook's (Theodore) Life and Remains, fourth edition, 2 vols., post 8vo, cloth, 21s.
Hunting Field, by Harry Heever, 12mo, half-bound, 5s.
Hymn-book for the Use of Churches and Chapels, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
King's (Rev. Dr.) Principles of Geology, second edition, post 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Ladder of Gold; an English Tale, by R. Bell, 3 vols. post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
Latham's English Language, third edition, 8vo, cloth, 15s.
Lee's (H.) Origin of Inflammation in Veins, 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Lettice Arnold, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 21s.

Mackay's Western World, 3 vols., fourth edition, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
Pace's Farmers' Account Book, folio, half-bound, 7s.
Select English Poetry for Schools, Edited by Dr. Allen, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
Showell's Housekeepers' Account Book for 1851, folio, sewed, 2s.
Simon's Lectures on General Pathology, post 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d.
Sir Roger do Coverley, (by The Spectator,) square, crown 8vo, cloth, 15s., morocco, 27s.
Swan's (T.) Lectures on the Existence and Attributes of the Divine Being, 12mo, 3s. 6d.
Tourrier's Juvenile French Grammar, 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Walker's Original, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1850.	h. m. s.	1850.	h. m. s.
Oct. 26 . . .	11 44 6.3	Oct. 30 . . .	11 43 49.4
27 . . .	44 9.7	31 . . .	43 49.8
28 . . .	43 55.8	Nov. 1 . . .	43 44.1
29 . . .	43 51.7		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Civic Feasts.—These entertainments must be in great request. In answer to "Citizen" and "R. A." we have to say that the note in our last number was a mere casual passing remark on the worthy example set by Lord Mayor Johnston in doing honour to the high intellect of the country in Sciences and Literature, and that the Fine Arts were not named was an omission of no consequence, since every one must remember that they were set in their rightful place on the occasion. There is, however, no incongruity in making such *feices* exceptional, for they are unions of the everlasting in fame with the fleeting in present position. The distinguished are of different natures and orders. The Philosophers, the Author, the Sculptor, and the Painter, are for all time; the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, &c., are for 365 days—in leap year, one day more. When Alderman Moon comes, according to the rota, to the chair, we look to see the Arts at least fitly recognised at the Mansion House. *Aprons* of this subject, we have been amused by a "dodge" of the Sheriffs of London to get a seat at the grand York Mayor's banquet to-day. It seems as if the House of York had forgotten to invite them; on which the London newspapers on Saturday last state that they have been invited; but on Monday morning appears a contradiction in the *Times* to the effect that the first paragraph was "premature," but "no doubt was entertained that the oversight would be corrected." The practice of dinner-catching, it seems, is not confined to the idle sponging West End class, long celebrated under the title of *Diners Out*.

Erratum.—In the letter of "Laura D'Auverne," No. 1759, stanza 8, line 3, for—
"Oh, so easily the paper floated, eddied, sank, and died;" read,—
"O, so calm the paper floated—floated, eddied, sank, and died."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

MONDAY, October 28th.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Symphonic in D	Mozart.
Aria Buffa, M. Jules Stockhausen, "Il Postiglione"	Balfe.
Concerto in E, first movement, Miss Goddard, (her third appearance in public)	Hummel.
Cavatina, Mdlle. Angri, "Or la sul" 'onda" (<i>Giuramento</i>)	Mercadanti.
New Valse, Tony (first time of performance)	Labitzky.
Aria, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Un impero" (<i>La Prophète</i>), (his second appearance)	Meyerbeer.
Fantaisie, Violoncello, Sig. Piatti, on Airs from <i>Linda di Chamouni</i>	Piatti.
Overture, <i>Maritana</i>	F. Wallace.

PART II.

Septuor for Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, Double Bass, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon, performed by MM. Sainton, Dando, Piatti, Anglois, Franc, Stiglich, and Baumann	Beethoven.
Cavatina, Mdlle. Angri "Ciel Pieuto," (<i>Zelmira</i>)	Rossini.
Fantaisie on Airs from <i>Don Pasquale</i> , Grand Piano-forte, Miss Goddard	Thalber.
Ballad, Mr. Sims Reeves, "In this old chair"	Balfe.
New Polka, Charlotten (first time of performance)	Labitzky.
Solo Concertina, Mr. Blagrove, (his first appearance)	Blagrove.
Galop Des Papillons, composed expressly for these Concerts	Carcer.

PROMENADE . . . 1s. 6d.

Doors open at half-past Seven, and commence at Eight o'clock.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND
BAL MASQUE,

Will take place on
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7th, 1850.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE will this year be given previous to the commencement, instead of at the termination, of his ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS, and will take place on

THURSDAY, November 7th, 1850,
(THE CONCERTS COMMENCING ON THE FOLLOWING EVENING.)

M. JULLIEN feels it is almost unnecessary to refer to the fact of the great increase in the popularity of BALS MASQUES since he had the honour of introducing them in this country. The patronage bestowed on them by the Nobility and Gentry, is a sure evidence of the immense attraction of such Entertainments—of the splendour and completeness with which they have been presented—and, above all, of the manner in which they have been conducted.

It has been generally allowed that, in the Decoration of these BALS, they have surpassed all other Entertainments of a like kind; but the one here announced being given at the commencement, instead of at the termination, of M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS, THE WHOLE OF THE DECORATION WILL BE ENTIRELY NEW, and be seen for the First Time on THURSDAY, November 7th. In addition to this will be displayed the Magnificent and Novel

CRYSTAL CURTAIN,

which was exhibited on One Evening only last year—viz., that of the Bal Masqué, and which created an universal surprise and admiration.

M. JULLIEN abstains from giving any detailed description of the Decoration, but begs to assure his Patrons that they may rely on witnessing one of the most splendid combinations of Decorative Effects ever produced.

The ORCHESTRA will, as heretofore, be complete, and consist of ONE HUNDRED and TEN MUSICIANS.

Principal Cornet-pistons, HERR KENIG.

Conductor M. JULLIEN.

The New and Fashionable Music of the present Season will be played, and include several New Polkas, Waltzes, Mazurkas, and Quadrilles, composed expressly for the Nobility's Bais, Almacks, &c., by M. Jullien.

Tickets for the Ball 10s. 6d.

The Prices of Admission for SPECTATORS (for whom the Audience Portion of the Theatre, will, as before, be set apart) will be as on former occasions, viz.—

Dress Circle 5s.
Boxes 3s.
Lower Gallery 2s.
Upper Gallery 1s.
Private Boxes, from £3 3s. upwards.

Persons taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the Ball Room, without extra charge.

Tickets for the Ball, Places and Private Boxes, may be secured on application to Mr. O'REILLY, at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open from 10 to 5. Private Boxes also at Mr. MITCHELL'S, Old Bond-street; Mr. SAMS', St. James' Street; Mr. OLLIVIER, Mr. ALLCROFT, Messrs. LEADER & COOKS, and Mr. CHAPPEL, New Bond Street; Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, & CO.; and at JULLIEN & CO'S, Musical Establishment, 214, Regent Street.

The Doors will be opened at Half past Nine; and the Dancing commence at Ten.

Sherbet, Carrara Water, Coffee, Tea, and Ices, (under the superintendence of Mr. G. PAYNE,) will be supplied during the Evening, and at One o'clock the Supper will be served.

Mr. I. NATHAN, jun., of 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Persons in the Costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantalons, will not be admitted.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.

FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his Annual Series of Concerts will commence, at the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, on FRIDAY, November 8th.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE will this year be given at the commencement, instead of at the termination of the Concerts, and will take place on THURSDAY, November 7th.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

HERR LABITZKY at the National
Concerts. The Berliner Waltzer, the Herbstblumen (Autumn Flowers) Waltzes.

"Labitzky's Waltzes, &c. evince extraordinary talent, even genius."—*Daily News*, Oct. 23.
Also the California Galop. All performing with great applause at Her Majesty's Theatre.

London, Messrs. R. COCKS and Co., New Burlington Street, sole publishers of Herr Labitzky's Works, and publishers to Her Majesty.

PREPARATIONS IN GERMANY

FOR THE EXPOSITION OF 1851.—In the ART-JOURNAL for November will be found a Tour of the Editor in Germany, and a Report concerning the state of the Industrial Arts, and the preparations there making for the Exhibition of 1851.

THE ART-JOURNAL for NOVEMBER

contains an engraving on Steel of the Marble Bust by Mr. Durham of Miss JENNY LIND, with two engravings from paintings by Wilson and Wilkie in the VERNON GALLERY.

THE following LETTER has been circulated by the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL among the Manufacturers of Great Britain, the continent of Europe, and America:—

SIR,—I beg to apprise you that I am now actively arranging to report very fully the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations to be held in London in 1851—by describing and illustrating by fine Engravings on Wood, all the more prominent and meritorious objects contributed by Manufacturers: I design to issue Supplementary Parts (or double numbers) of the ART-JOURNAL, each Part to consist of at least 32 quarto pages, and containing between 250 and 300 Engravings.

These Engravings will be produced without cost to the Manufacturer.

It will be only necessary for the Manufacturer to supply me with drawings of the principal objects he designs to exhibit, together with such information concerning his establishment as it may benefit him to communicate; but it is essential that these drawings be received at the earliest possible period, in order that they may be in all respects worthily executed and carefully printed.

When these illustrated Reports have been issued with the ART-JOURNAL, they will be collected into a Volume, which Volume will contain, probably, more than a Thousand Engravings, and become—as a Catalogue of its most beautiful and valuable contents—a permanent record of the Exhibition, and a key to the most meritorious Manufactures of all parts of the world.

I have already visited the several States of Germany, and am about to visit Belgium, Holland, and France, and other countries, in order that these Reports may be as perfect as possible.

If you will be so good—with as little delay as your convenience will permit—to communicate with me on this subject, you will essentially forward my plan, and enable me to do justice to your productions by obtaining Engravings of them in time to secure accuracy of copy and delicacy of finish. It may be well to add that none of the Engravings will appear until the 1st May, 1851.

I have the honour to be,

Your faithful Servant,

THE EDITOR OF THE ART-JOURNAL.

MECHI'S PAPIER MACHE TEA

TRAYS are decidedly the most unique and elegant ever manufactured. The designs are various, as well as the prices, and the economical may be suited as easily as those whose wealth entitles them to seek for the most recherché articles which art can produce. The papier-maché work-tables, work-boxes, tea-caddies, writing cases, inkstands, hand screens, card boxes, &c., are really superb. Mech's has a stock of dressing-cases not to be surpassed; also an immense assortment of writing-desks, table cutlery, Sheffield plated ware, &c. His cushioned bagatelle tables are renowned for their superior construction.

Manufactory, 4, Leadenhall Street, London.

Assurance Companies.

COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL
LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, 112, Cheap-side.

Assurances effected upon every system. Half credit given for the whole term of Assurance. A liberal commission allowed to Solicitors and Agents, and fees paid to Medical Referees. To parties requiring temporary loans, by effecting Assurances with this Association, great facilities are afforded in obtaining such assistance.

JAMES DANIELL, Secretary.

UNITED KINGDOM

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

Established by Act of Parliament in 1834.

8, WATERLOO PLACE, Pall Mall, LONDON; 97, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH; 12, ST. VINCENT PLACE, GLASGOW; 4, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

The bonus added to Policies from March, 1834, to the 31st December, 1847, is as follow:—

Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy in 1841.	Sum added to Policy in 1848.	Sum payable at Death.
£	s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
5000	13 yrs. 10 mo.	638 6 8	787 10 0	6470 16 8
4000	1 year	112 10 0	6112 10 0
1000	12 years	100 0 0	157 10 0	1257 10 0
1000	7 years	157 10 0	1157 10 0
1000	1 year	22 10 0	1022 10 0
400	12 years	40 0 0	78 15 0	628 15 0
500	4 years	45 0 0	545 0 0
500	1 year	11 5 0	511 5 0

The premiums, nevertheless, are on the most moderate scale, and only one-half need be paid for the first five years when the insurance is for life. Every information afforded on application to the Resident Director, No. 8, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London.

UNION ASSURANCE OFFICE,

(FIRE, LIFE, ANNUITIES,)

CORNHILL AND BAKER STREET, LONDON; COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN; AND ESPLANADE, HAMBURG.

Instituted, A.D. 1714.

WILLIAM NOTTIDGE, Esq., Chairman.

NICHOLAS CHARRINGTON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

The rates on Life Insurances for short terms are considerably reduced. Insurances may also be effected, without profits, at reduced premiums, as well as by payments of only two-thirds thereof.

The scale for middle and advanced ages is especially favourable to the public.

By the Septennial Bonus of 1848, additions have been made to Profit Policies (effected in Great Britain) averaging £65 per cent. between the ages of 20 and 25; £57 per cent. between the ages of 25 and 30; £52 per cent. between the ages of 30 and 35; and £47 per cent. between the ages of 35 and 40, on the respective amounts of premium paid in that period.

Policies effected at the present time will participate in the next bonus.

THOMAS LEWIS, Secretary.

Fire Insurances at the usual rates, and profits returned on policies taken out for seven years by prompt payment.

MENTOR
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

2, OLD BROAD STREET.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £250,000.

PRESIDENT.

His Grace the DUKE of RUTLAND, K.G.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

Right Hon. the EARL FITZWILLIAM, F.R.S., F.S.A.

DIRECTORS.

JOHN DEAN PAUL, Esq., Chairman.

GEORGE BERKELEY HARRISON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Advantages offered by this Company, which is composed of Mutual and Proprietary Branches:—

The security of a subscribed capital of £250,000.

In the Mutual Branch, the whole of the profits are divided amongst the holders of policies on which seven annual premiums have been paid.

In the Proprietary Branch, the lowest possible rates of premium consistent with the security of the assured.

Credit given for half the premiums for the first seven years, and increasing premiums commencing at exceedingly low rates.

Naval and military men assured at the ordinary rate when on home service, with a moderate additional charge for license to proceed to any part of the world.

The usual commission allowed to medical men, solicitors, and agents.

In all cases where a medical report is given, the fee is paid by the company.

All policies indisputable, except in cases of fraud.

By order of the Board of Directors,

LOUIS MORE, Manager.

THE YORKSHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Established at York, 1824,
AND EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.
CAPITAL, £500,000.

TRUSTEES.
LORD WENLOCK, Esq., Esrick Park.
G. L. THOMPSON, Esq., Sheriff-Hutton Park.
ROBERT SWANN, Esq., York.

Bankers—Messrs. SWANN, CLOUGH, and Co., York.
Actuary and Secretary—Mr. W. L. NEWMAN, York.

THE attention of the Public is particularly called to the terms of this Company for LIFE INSURANCES, and to the distinction which is made between MALE and FEMALE Lives.

Extract from the Table of Premiums for Insuring £100.

Age next birth-day.	A MALE.	A FEMALE.	Age next birth-day.	A MALE.	A FEMALE.
	Whole Life Premiums.			Whole Life Premiums.	
10	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	46	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
11	1 7 6	1 5 4	47	3 11 9	3 3 2
12	1 9 3	1 7 0	48	4 1 9	3 13 3
13	1 11 3	1 10 10	49	4 11 6	4 2 6
14	1 11 4	1 11 6	50	5 4 0	4 14 0
15	1 17 0	1 13 8	51	6 6 0	5 12 6
16	2 0 3	1 16 2	52	7 4 0	6 9 6
17	2 5 0	1 19 9	53	8 4 0	7 10 8
18	2 8 6	2 2 10	54	10 4 0	9 7 6
19	2 13 0	2 6 4	55	11 16 2	11 2 6
20	2 19 3	2 12 0	56	13 1 9	13 1 9
21	3 5 3	2 17 2	57	15 12 10	15 12 10

* Example.—A Gentleman whose age does not exceed 30, may insure £1000, payable on his decease, for an annual payment of £22 10s.; and a Lady of the same age, can secure the same sum, for an annual payment of £19 17s. 6d.

Prospectuses with the rates of premium for the intermediate ages, and every information may be had at the Head Office in York, or of any of the Agents.

FIRE INSURANCES

Are also effected by this Company, on the most moderate terms.

Agents are wanted in those Towns where no appointments have been made. Applications to be made to Mr. W. L. NEWMAN, Actuary and Secretary, York, or to

MR. HENRY DINSDALE,
12, Wellington Street, Strand, Agent for London.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION,

48, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON,

FOR MUTUAL ASSURANCE ON LIVES, ANNUITIES, &c.

Enrolled under the Acts of Parliament relating to Friendly Societies.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman—SAMUEL HAYBURN LUCAS, Esq.
Deputy-Chairman—CHARLES LUXINGTON, Esq., M.P.
John Bradbury, Esq.
Thomas Castle, Esq.
Wm. Miller Christy, Esq.
Edward Crowley, Esq.
John Feltham, Esq.
Charles Gilpin, Esq.
Robert M. Holborn, Esq.
Robert Ingham, Esq.
Robert Sheppard, Esq.
Charles Whitham, Esq.
Samuel Wilson, Esq., Alderman.

PHYSICIANS.

J. T. Conquest, M.D., F.L.S. | Thomas Hodgkin, M.D.

The following statement shows the progress of the Institution from its commencement:—

Years ending	No. of Policies issued.	Annual Income.	Amount of Capital.
20th Nov., 1836	616	£8,021 12 2	£10,736 3 0
" 1837	435	14,000 0 0	31,592 10 5
" 1838	459	19,934 19 4	46,855 0 10
" 1839	490	25,457 4 2	64,359 10 10
" 1840	494	31,091 10 10	90,545 13 9
" 1841	337	35,367 1 4	114,093 2 4
" 1842	364	39,360 9 7	139,806 1 7
" 1843	703	44,219 17 0	167,079 11 2
" 1844	722	50,037 9 2	202,162 1 0
" 1845	911	70,819 14 5	241,460 13 3
" 1846	1005	88,840 8 2	299,675 12 4
" 1847	1234	111,113 13 0	367,172 16 0
" 1848	1423	126,232 7 6	440,028 15 3
" 1849	1735	151,976 4 7	517,243 7 1
Total number	10,949		

Members whose premiums became due on the 1st October are reminded that the same must be paid within thirty days from that date.

Copies of the last Report and all other information may be had on application.

Oct. 17, 1850.

JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 12 & 13 Vic. cap. 40.

OFFICES: 3, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

Directors.

Chairman—JOHN DEAN PAUL, Esq., 217, Strand.
Deputy-Chairman—GEORGE BERKELEY HARRISON, Esq., 24, Great Tower Street, City.
HUMPHREY BROWN, Esq., M.P., Twining Park, Tewkesbury.
JAMES CLAY, Esq., M.P., 25, Montague Square.
GEORGE CLIVE, Esq., Sanderstead Court, Croydon.
SAMUEL WHITFIELD DAUKES, Esq., 14, Whitehall Place, Westminster.
HARVIE MORTON FARQUHAR, Esq., 16, St. James's Street.
ALEXANDER GREIG, Esq., 10, Lowndes Street, Belgrave Square.
The Hon. ARTHUR KINNAIRD, Pall Mall East.
GEORGE ROBERT PAUL, Esq., Portland Lodge, Worthing.

Bankers.

MESSRS. STRAHAN, PAUL, PAUL and BATES, 217, Strand.—MESSRS. RANSON and Co., Pall Mall East.

Standing Council.

HENRY DAVISON, Esq., Brick Court, Temple.

Surgeon.—BARNARD WIGHT HOLT, Esq., F.R.C.S., 5, Parliament Street, Westminster.

Secretary.—ALEXANDER BEATTIE, Esq.

Solicitors.

MESSRS. FRY and HOLT, Walbrook House, City.

This Company has been established for the purpose of affording Compensation in cases of personal injury, and the payment of a certain sum in the event of death by Railway Accident.

During the year just closed the following are the particulars of the claims that have been made on this Company by 37 persons who have sustained injury in travelling by Railway.

No. 1.—A holder of a Periodical Ticket, No. 5,091, met with an accident by falling off the platform at Preston, on the night of the 1st November. Adjusted by a payment of 7s. 6s.

No. 2.—A Mail Guard, Insured by a Periodical Ticket, No. 5,584, whilst travelling from Coatbridge to Perth, on the 29th November; having occasion to get out at the Stirling Station, he slipped between the platform and Post Office Van. The injury he sustained prevented him from attending to his duties till the 3rd January. Awarded 20s.

No. 3.—The Holder of a Periodical Ticket, No. 5,396, whilst travelling from Macclesfield to Manchester, on the 31st December, was thrown against a gentleman sitting opposite to him, and received a blow on his face, which rendered him incapable of attending to his business for a few days. His claim was settled by the Company paying at his request Five Guineas to the Manchester Infirmary, the Claimant being himself a medical man.

No. 4.—A Commercial Traveller, and holder of a Periodical Ticket, No. 16,880, met with an accident at the Thirsk Station of the York, Newcastle and Berwick Railway, whilst about to proceed to Newcastle, on the 24th January. The injury consisted of a severe bruise of the thumb, caused by a Porter shutting the door of the carriage on his left hand, before he could take his seat; the accident obliged him, after remaining a week at Newcastle, to return home from his journey, which he was unable to resume until February 11th. Awarded 31d. 10s.

No. 5.—The holder of a First Class Ticket, issued at Leicester, January 28th, was a Passenger in the train that ran off the rails between Blisworth and Wolverton; he was thrown with great violence against another Passenger, and the shock unfitted him from attending to business for some days. Awarded 14l. 14s.

No. 6.—The party in this instance is a Clerk in the Travelling Post Office, and the holder of a Periodical Ticket, No. 5,474, and was severely injured, especially in the face and eyes, by the collision of the Mail with the Goods' Train, that occurred on the 13th February, near the Abingdon Station, on the Caledonian Railway. Awarded 210l. The injury to the eyes being feared to be of a permanent character.

No. 7.—The Holder of a Single Journey Ticket was also a Passenger in the same train. The Claimant was about to proceed to New York by the Canada, but the injury he received prevented him from doing so. Awarded 30s.

No. 8.—The Holder of a Periodical Ticket, No. 7,343, was injured by the collision between the Passengers' and Goods' Train in the long Tunnel in the Leeds and Bradford Railway, on the 18th February. Awarded 40l.

No. 9.—A Commercial Traveller, holder of Periodical Ticket No. 16,851, was travelling by the Mail Train, that left Newcastle at 4 P.M. on the 15th March for Manchester, and sustained a severe shock by the Engine running off the Line near the Victoria Bridge. Awarded 10l.

No. 10.—A Government Officer and his Wife were Passengers by the Mail Train that left Durham at half-past four o'clock P.M., on 6th May, which ran into an engine in the siding, from the points not having been properly set, near the Belmont Station of the York, Newcastle and Berwick Railway. They were both much hurt by the collision. Awarded 35l.

No. 11.—An Engine Driver whilst driving the engine of a Goods' Train on the 23rd of May, between Blisworth and Wolverton, was thrown beneath the engine, from the train coming in collision with a bale of cloth that had just fallen on the line from a passing Train; he was much scalded, and otherwise severely injured. Awarded 42l.

Claims 12 to 17

Were made by parties who were travelling by the Excursion Train on the 3rd July, from Leek and Macclesfield to Liverpool, the weight of which overpowered the breaks on entering the station.

No. 12.—The Claimant, with his Wife and Mother-in-

law, from Leek, Second Class passengers, were all bruised. Awarded 6l.

No. 13.—A young woman from Leek, a Third Class Passenger, had her face hurt. Awarded 2l.

No. 14.—A man and his wife employed in the manufacture of silk, Third Class passengers, were both slightly injured by the shock. Awarded 2l.

No. 15.—A passenger from Macclesfield had injured himself and family, six in number, three of whom received some injuries from the concussion. Awarded 5l. 5s.

No. 16.—A gentleman holding a Periodical Ticket, No. 8,751, left Macclesfield in the above Train, and was so shaken as to be incapacitated from attending to his business for a few days. Awarded 6l.

No. 17.—A Second Class passenger from Macclesfield, was severely injured about the spine and neck, which still confines her to her room.

No. 18 and 19.—These Claims were made by two gentlemen, holders of Periodical Tickets, employed in the Railway Post Office, and travelling by the Mail Train that left the Euston Station on the evening of the 6th July, and ran into some waggons of a Goods' Train, proceeding on the same Line, near Harrow. One of them sprained the muscle of his back, and the other was thrown against the corner of the Post Office, breaking one of his ribs, and being otherwise injured.

Claims No. 17, 18, and 19 are in course of adjustment.

No. 20.—The Claimant and his wife were Third Class passengers by the same Train; he escaped with a few bruises, but his wife was much injured. Awarded 15l.

From the accident that occurred to the Excursion Train at Coalbourn, on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, on the 1st August, when SIX persons were deprived of their lives, and many others injured, the following Claims have arisen:—

No. 21.—A farmer from Duddens, near Crief, was hurt about the head and face. Awarded 6l.

No. 22.—A carpenter from Auchterarder, received a blow in the head. Awarded 4l.

No. 23.—A farmer from Strathallen, was also hurt about the head. Awarded 5l.

No. 24.—A draper from Auchterarder, was injured about the thigh and side. Awarded 3s. 3d.

No. 25.—A man from Auchterarder, was severely bruised about the ribs.

No. 26.—A brother to the above was slightly injured. Awarded 2s. 2d.

No. 27.—A female was bruised, and otherwise internally hurt. Awarded 6l.

No. 28.—Another female was injured about the chest and side. Awarded 2l. 2s.

No. 29.—A man from Auchterarder, was slightly injured.

No. 30.—A farmer from Tulliebardine, was seriously bruised. Awarded 10l.

Claims 25 and 29 are in course of adjustment.

In most of the above cases the sum awarded is exclusive of the medical expenses incurred by the sufferers, which have been defrayed by this Company, in addition to that of their own medical officer, who promptly visited the injured parties on hearing of the accident.

The utility of such a Company is demonstrated by these cases, and the conviction that the premiums which the Railway traveller pays are but a small addition to the cost of his journey, and create a fund for the relief of those who from time to time suffer by Railway accidents—which no human foresight can prevent, will it is hoped secure the public support to this Company.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS.

Table for a Single Journey, irrespective of Distance,

TO INSURE

£1,000 in a 1st class carriage, at a premium of 3d.
£500 in a 2nd ditto ditto 2d.
£200 in a 3rd ditto ditto 1d.

For the convenience of frequent Travellers, the Company also issues PERIODICAL TICKETS, to insure 1000l. for One Month, at a Premium of 5s.; for Three Months, 10s.; for Six Months, 16s.; for Twelve Months, 20s.—with the option of Travelling in any Class Carriage, and in any Railway in the Kingdom.

These Tickets may be obtained at the Stations of most of the Railways in England and Scotland, of the Provincial Agents of the Company, and at the Company's Office, 3, Old Broad Street, London.

Sales by Auction.

VALUABLE FREEHOLD ESTATES, IN THE BOROUGH TOWN OF KINGSTON-UPON-HELL, INCLUDING THE SPLENDID THEATRE IN PARAGON-STREET.

MR. LEIFCHILD is instructed by the Mortgagees to **SELL** by public AUCTION, at the Royal Hotel, Hall, on Thursday, October 31, at 2 for 3 precisely, in five lots, several valuable and extremely desirable FREEHOLD ESTATES, alike eligible for investment or occupation, comprising that important and valuable freehold property, the Queen's Theatre, admirably situated, in Paragon-street, erected within the last eight years in the best style and most substantial manner, at an estimated outlay of £15,000. Also the Granby Inn, Spirit Shop, and Tap-house, well situated for a first-rate business, at the corner of Pier-street and Wellington-street; an extensive range of Warehouses, Stabling, and Premises adjoining, known as the York Warzen Warehouse; a capital Freehold Dwelling-house; and sundry Freehold Houses and Shops in Blanket-row, Finkle-street, and Scott's-square. The whole producing a rental exceeding £800 per annum. The various estates may be viewed by permission of the respective tenants, and full descriptive printed particulars of each lot may be had, 14 days preceding the sale, on application to C. S. Todd, Esq., solicitor, and at the Royal Hotel, Hall; of Messrs. Hewitwick, Davidson, and Bradbury, solicitors, Weavers'-Hall, Basinghall-street; and at Mr. Leifchild's offices, 62, Moorgate-street, London.

A VERY DESIRABLE CAPITAL FREEHOLD FARM, IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

MR. LEIFCHILD has received instructions from the Proprietor to offer by public AUCTION, at the Newdegate Arms Hotel, Nuneaton, on Thursday, November 7, at 2 for 3, that excellent FREEHOLD ESTATE called Drayton Barns, pleasantly situated near the Watling Street Road, in the parish of Witherley, in the southern division of the county of Leicester, at a short distance from the capital market towns of Nuneaton, Atherstone, and Hinckley, and immediately adjoining the splendid hunting establishment of the Atherstone hounds. Drayton Barns includes 53a. 2r. 25p. of excellent meadow and arable land, with dwelling-house, outbuildings, yards, and gardens, cottage and orchard, now in the occupation of Mr. Joseph Earps, lying open to the south, well supplied with water, and close to the admired village and church of Witherley. Also well sold, 20 acres of productive Meadow and Arable Land, by the roadside, in the parish of Daddington, now held by Mr. Sands. Particulars and conditions of sale, with a plan of the Farm, may be had at the place of sale, at the Red Lion Hotel, Atherstone; the George Hotel, Hinckley; at the Red-gate, Drayton; of Henry Dewes, Esq., solicitor, Nuneaton; Messrs. Vallance and Vallance, 20, Essex Street, Strand; J. J. Lee, Esq., 45, Regent Square; and at Mr. Leifchild's Land and Timber Offices, 62, Moorgate Street.

VALUABLE LONG LEASEHOLD ESTATES, WESTMINSTER.

MR. LEIFCHILD is instructed by the Executors to **SELL** by AUCTION, at Garraway's, on Tuesday, November 19, at 12 for 1, in two lots, sundry very valuable and desirable long LEASEHOLD ESTATES; comprising the well-known King's Head Tavern, situated in Little White Lion Street, Seven Dials, offering an increasing and lucrative trade; together with Five Leasehold Dwelling-houses, situate and being Nos. 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23, Dartmouth Row, Dartmouth Street, Westminster: the whole of which are let, partly on lease, and partly to highly respectable yearly tenants, at rents amounting to £160 per annum. Particulars and conditions of sale may be had of C. J. Monkhouse, Esq., Solicitor, 3, Craven Street, Strand; at Garraway's; and at Mr. Leifchild's Offices, 62, Moorgate Street, City.

TWO CAPITAL FREEHOLD SHOPS AND DWELLING-HOUSES, IN THE BLACKFRIARS ROAD, NEAR SURREY CHAPEL.

MR. LEIFCHILD is instructed to **SELL** by AUCTION, at Garraway's, on Tuesday, November 19, at 12 for 1, in lots, those two excellent and substantial FREEHOLD DWELLING-HOUSES, Nos. 206 and 207, most desirably situated in the preferable part of Blackfriars Road, not far from the Bridge. Each of these houses contains four bed rooms on the second and third floors, drawing-room and best bed-room on the first floor, spacious and attractive shops, and back parlours on the ground floor, kitchen, and other necessary conveniences in the basement, with back area and small yard. No. 206 is held by Mr. Parr, for the remainder of a lease for 21 years from Christmas, 1810, at the annual rent of £50. No. 207 is now occupied by Mr. Martin, under a lease for 21 years from Christmas, 1840, at the rent of £30 per annum. The houses may be viewed till the sale, by permission of the tenants. Particulars and conditions of sale may be had at Garraway's; of Messrs. J. and W. Mermott, Solicitors, 86, Blackfriars Road; and at Mr. Leifchild's Land and Timber Offices, 62, Moorgate Street.

TO WHARFINGERS, BARGE BUILDERS, TIMBER MERCHANTS, AND OTHERS.—IMPORTANT FREEHOLD WATER-SIDE PREMISES AND VALUABLE BUILDING LAND, KINGSTON, SURREY.

MR. LEIFCHILD has received Instructions to **SELL** by AUCTION, at the Griffin Inn, Kingston, on Tuesday, November 12, at 12 for 1 precisely, in 11 lots, sundry valuable and very desirable FREEHOLD ESTATES, very eligible situate on the banks of the Thames, at Seething-wells, by the side of the high road leading from Kingston to Thames Ditton and Hampton; comprising Two Valuable Freehold Wharfs, with extensive frontage to the River Thames, in the several occupations of Mr. Samuel Bothwell and Mr. Charles Lambourn, with the dwelling-houses and erections thereon; also an extremely valuable Plot of Freehold Building Land, admirably situated by the side of the high road, bounded by the River Thames, and immediately overlooking Hampton court, together with a Field of rich Meadow Land adjoining. The whole of which will be divided into suitable lots for the accommodation of purchasers. May be viewed any time preceding the sale, by permission of the tenants, and full descriptive particulars, with lithographic plans of each lot, may be had at all the principal inns in the neighbourhood; and at Mr. Leifchild's land and timber offices, Moorgate-street, London.

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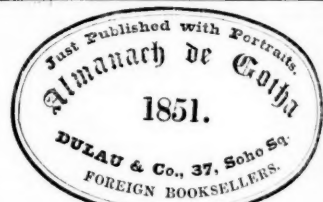
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